

The Liberty Bell.





THE
Liberty Bell.

BY
FRIENDS OF FREEDOM.

J. H. Tater.

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"It is said that the evil spirytes that ben in the regyon, double moche when they here the Bells rongen: and this is the cause why the Bells ben rongen, whan grete tempeste and outrages of wether happen, to the end that the fiends and wycked spirytes should be abashed and flee. —*The Golden Legend, by Wynkyn de Worde.*

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Contents.

Liberty Bells,	<i>Martha Hempstead</i> ,	1
Let your Light Shine,	<i>William H. Furness</i> ,	4
Love and Liberty,	<i>Katherine Barland</i> ,	21
Pictures of Southern Life, ↗	<i>C. W. Healey Dall</i> ,	24
The Word,	<i>Samuel Longfellow</i> ,	48
Anomalies of the Age,	<i>Harriet Martineau</i> ,	50
The Two Eagles,	<i>John Morley</i> ,	60
Infidelity and Treason,	<i>William I. Bowditch</i> ,	62
The Root of Slavery,	<i>Samuel J. May</i> ,	73
Translations,	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> ,	78
Spirit of the Abolitionists,	<i>Maria Weston Chapman</i> ,	82
The Leaven of Liberty,	<i>Ephraim Nute, Jr.</i>	86
Mrs. Eliza Garnaut,	<i>Wendell Phillips</i> ,	97
The last Poet,	<i>Theodore Parker</i> ,	109
The Second Reformation,	<i>Thomas T. Stone</i> ,	113
Le Fils d'un Planteur,	<i>Madame Belloe</i> ,	127
The Planter's Son,	<i>Madame Belloe</i> ,	137
A Sonnet for the Times,	<i>Theodore Parker</i> ,	147
Our Southern Brethren,	<i>Charles K. Whipple</i> ,	148
Translations,	<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> ,	156

Servile Insurrections,	<i>Edmund Jackson</i> , 158
The Changes,	<i>James Richardson, Jr.</i> 165
Ratcliffe Gordon,	<i>Edmund Quincy</i> , 170
Legitimité de L'esclavage,	<i>M. Emile Souvestre</i> , 184
Is Slavery Legitimate,	<i>M. Souvestre</i> , 189
Settled,	<i>Edgar Buckingham</i> , 194
The Sultan's fair Daughter,	<i>Theodore Parker</i> , 209
The Prestige of Slavery,	<i>Samuel Johnson</i> , 216
Stanzas,	<i>Caroline Weston</i> , 227
Influence de L'esclavage,	<i>Madame Souvestre</i> , 231
Influence of Slavery on Masters, <i>Madame Souvestre</i> , 235	
To a Young Convert,	<i>T. Wentworth Higginson</i> , 239
The Higher Law,	<i>John W. Browne</i> , 241
The Gospel of Freedom,	<i>Samuel May, Jr.</i> 252
A Glance over the Field,	<i>George Armstrong</i> , 261
National Hymn,	<i>David Lee Child</i> , 264
The Great Apostate,	<i>William Lloyd Garrison</i> , 266
Yussouf,	<i>James Russell Lowell</i> , 303



Liberty Bells.

BY MARTHA HEMPSTEAD.

“LIBERTY BELLS!” where ring they not,
Save where tyrant fingers
Have ruthlessly unhung
The music breathing tongue?

And even then, a hovering cadence lingers
 Around such spot, —
So that the earnest soul's attentive ear
 Faint murmurings of a tone may sometimes hear.

Away on the mountain's sunny side,
 Away in the shadowy dells,
 Go listen ! not a sound
 Breaks on the air around,
 Unmingled with the voice of those sweet bells,
 From morn to eventide ;
Out from the blossom cup, from shrub and tree,
 Peal forth the chimes, so joyously and free.

Steeped far from human hands
 On the rocky height,
 And in grottos low,
 Where no step may go,
And the spar and wreathing gems are bright
 As fairy wands —
There ring they on, for hands that weary never,
 Those bright, but unseen strings, are holding ever.

Out upon the ocean's wings,
Plumed with silvery spray,
As they rise and fall ;
Soft, and musical,
Freedom's bells are ringing night and day,
Like tireless things ;
And the great bosom of the chainless tide
Heaves up to greet those echoing notes with pride.

But within the human soul,
That hath listened well,
Nature's every tone,
Blended into one,
Floweth serenely on, the uprising swell
Of that great whole —
That perfect choir, whose music would become
Discordant all, if *Freedom's Bells* were dumb.

New York, November, 1850.

Let your Light Shine.

BY WILLIAM H. FURNNESS.

LET your light shine. Mark the phrase. Your light. Your own. The radiation of your own being ; not a reflected light, caught from the prejudices and practice of those about you ; for this, although it may have the show of light, is but as the borrowed light of the moon, which, however fair to see, possesses no animating power, discoverable by the finest instruments, and only causes certain decaying substances to shine phosphorescently. The light which we are to give out, so that it may be seen, and God be glorified, must be our own. It must come from our own sense of things, acting with a sole reference to our personal responsibility to God, and uninfluenced by the dictation

or the entreaties of other men. If it is not of this character, it is not the light that guides men and glorifies God. If we have no independent convictions of our own, we have no light in us, and of course no light can shine from us. We only help the popular errors and falsehoods which we reflect. We are not centres of light, but only mirrors giving back to the world its own image. We cannot let our light shine. We have none that deserves the name. Our only light is the light of a time-serving conformity. And what is the worth of that? Or, if it has any worth, there is more than enough of it all around us. It needs no more countenance.

But in striving after light of our own, or in other words, to be governed by a pure sense of duty, we are very liable, such is our weakness, to be greatly deceived, to mistake evil for good, darkness for light. Undoubtedly. There is no mistake about that. We must watch ourselves very narrowly in this respect. We are liable to mistake self-will, a fool-hardy obstinacy, some contemptible whim for a

sacred conviction, the voice of some low, earth-born passion, for the still small voice of Heaven. And if we do make this mistake, all that can be said is that we cheat ourselves most egregiously ; we put a double fraud upon ourselves. In following what we fancy is a pure sense of duty, but what is in reality the dictate of our own ridiculous pride, we expose ourselves to the certain loss of the good will of those from whom we are pretty sure to differ, (for men do not lightly brook differences on matters of conscience,) and to all the discomforts, which are neither few nor small, involved in that loss ; and we gain nothing in return. Laughed at and condemned by others, we know nothing of that hidden satisfaction, which passes all understanding, which can no more come from anything but a pure sense of duty than grapes can grow out of thorns, and which alone can compensate us for any and every loss. We are the pitiable dupes of our own pride ; and that only torments us. For the miserable plight to which we are reduced we have no one to

thank but ourselves. Of course, every sensible and grown up man will take very good care how he falls into this predicament. No one, who attaches any value to the good will of his fellow men, who appreciates the countless advantages of being on good terms with those about him, will lightly adopt a course of conduct which puts at hazard the sympathy and confidence of others. He will be upon his guard against the snares of an overweening conceit of his own judgment, and make sure that he has the warrant of an enlightened conscience for the ground on which he is standing.

But after all, when we have guarded ourselves with the utmost fidelity against every possible form of delusion, and are thoroughly persuaded in our own minds that we are governed solely by principle, our good may, nevertheless, be evil thought of and evil spoken of. What we are firmly convinced is a right motive in us may be condemned and represented as a wrong one. What we maintain as principle may be denounced as pride, obstinacy,

fanaticism, we know not what. How, then, can we let our light shine, when, in the estimation of others, our light is darkness ?

The answer is at hand. The sun continues steadily pouring its light and heat upon the earth, although the earth is continually sending up its clouds to intercept its beams and turn its light into darkness ; nay, more, the sun keeps shining on, although its rays act directly to exhale the very vapors which darken the sun and turn its splendor into gloom. The analogy is complete. So we must let our highest convictions shine forth, although others, either ignorantly or wilfully, misrepresent our light, and it seems to be wholly neutralized. Even though, by acting from our own sense of duty, we excite opposition, and thick clouds of passion, thunder-charged, steam up all around, we must still persevere and shine on. We may seem to a superficial observer to be throwing away our light — to have no light, or rather to be giving forth a positively false light. We seem to

be strengthening men in their errors, stirring up and setting on fire their bad passions. So it seems. But in reality it is not so, as sooner or later it will very clearly appear. If others refuse to receive your light, refuse to listen to reason and conscience and persist in taking counsel of their passions, the best thing that can be done for them is to prove to them what evil counsellors their passions are. And how else can this be proved but by calling out and exposing in all their wickedness these false guides. You are doing your opposers a great service then, when you are bringing forth and laying bare the evil that is in them. They know not what spirit they are of, and they will not let you tell them. They can learn their own temper, therefore, in no way, but by its having its way so that they may see with their own eyes what it leads to. Indeed, no man can ever learn perfectly the quality of his own spirit, be it a good spirit or a bad, except by observation and experience of its fruits. Then only is the demonstration of its true character complete

when it has not only blossomed on the lips but borne fruit in the life. When men are under the influence of self-interest or passion while they imagine all the time that they are actuated by the best motives, they need to be set right. They must have the darkness of their understanding dissipated, or the depravity of their will corrected. And how shall they be brought to see their mistake? If they reject your light as darkness, and love their darkness as light, how can they be put right, but by being led to test their own principles or no-principles, and so see what they are, what they amount to — how they look when stripped of the cunning disguises of verbal professions and applied to actual life! And how better can this be brought about than by the exhibition of your light, which provokes them to act out their thoughts, and which thus directly helps to reveal to them and to all the world, the real character of their way of thinking? In the outset, it is a question which is right, you or they, which is ray-

ing out light, and which darkness. Since there is no authority to settle the point off-hand, how is it to be settled, but by both being faithful to their own convictions, acting out the spirit that moves them. So it will be seen which tends to life, freedom and peace, which to bondage, to death.

These things being so, your light shines to the glory of God, if it tends to excite others to be faithful to what they call their light. As they do not appreciate your truth, let it stir them to act themselves out, and they will find where they are, when, following evil instead of good, they become involved, as they must be inevitably, in all the shame and wretchedness of a false position. Thus the work of their conversion to your truth has commenced. It may be a slow process, certainly a very painful one, accompanied with all sorts of confusion and uproar, mobs, burnings, and bloodshed ; and an observer, who looks only on the outside of things, will consider it a process in the wrong direction, not from bad to better, but from

bad to worse, and will insist that you are doing no sort of good, but mischief and mischief only, and counsel you to give up your convictions of duty, to hide your light, though it is as clear to you as the sun in heaven that it is the light of truth. But we give no such advice. Amidst all the fury and tumult of human passions raging like wild beasts let loose, still our cry is : Shine ! Shine ! Let your light shine ! Once fully persuaded that it is a pure sense of truth, let it keep shining, let it blaze as a consuming fire, with no flickering of hesitation, no dimness of fear ! It excites opposition, furious, bloody-minded. Well, let it, and then the opposition will show itself in its true colors. It will be seen what it is, without disguise, and in all its falsehood. Your opposers will probably be the last to see how groundless it is. For pride makes men cleave to the wrong, even though it is cutting them to the quick all the while. Still they will see their folly at last, and be delivered from the delusion, ignorant or wilful, under which

they have been laboring, and your light will shine gloriously on this result. I have seen two parties brought into conflict about matters, considered by both of the first importance, and which did indeed furnish "very stuff o' the conscience." One party was impatient, eager to appeal to physical force, unwilling to listen ; the other was equally determined, but quiet and willing to hear. So far as the merits of the controversy could be determined by the bearing of the two sides, do you suppose there was any doubt in the mind of a candid onlooker, which was in the right, which was moved by passion and prejudice, and which rested in the justice of its cause ? If the light does not instantly dissipate the darkness in which they are wrapt who are fighting against it, yet it shines on those who stand at a distance, and are not directly engaged in the contest ; and, sooner or later, their decision comes in to attest and brighten your light, and give force to your influence, even with those with whom you are contending for the right.

But even though the spectators fail to recognise your light, even though you seem to all to be throwing your influence entirely away, shall you relinquish what you know to be true? What! Will you give up the Right? To what end? For your own comfort? To get rid of the misrepresentation and ill will and the thousand annoyances incurred in the service of Truth? That is an object, I know. Who wants to be exposed to such continual discomforts? What man of ordinary feeling, having the slightest regard for his own quiet, would not be most glad to escape them? But then it is paying altogether too high a price for one's personal ease, for deliverance from the trouble of a state of warfare, to surrender for this cause that simple conviction of being in the right which is one and the same with the consciousness of harmony with the Eternal Will, and of a living, heart-fellowship with all that is great in the Future and in the Past, in this world and in worlds to come. Shall we give up, not only our very man-

hood, but the divinest conviction that can dwell even in the bosom of an angel? For what? For our present quiet? That we may take our ease, eat, drink, and be well housed and cared for? My brother! it is not worth the cost. Worth the cost! If this is the only good of life, it is not worth living for at all. A condition of mere worldly prosperity — to bask for a few hours in the favor of ignorant, misjudging creatures, as frail as ourselves, — why, how uncertain is it at the best, and at the best, how numerous are its abatements, and then how soon must we quit it all, every shred of it, and go and lie down and moulder away into dust! For this shall we turn away and give up that only consciousness which, in the most painful outward state, lifts us up above ourselves, on the bed of sickness ministering to us divine medicines, amidst the infirmities of age keeping our hearts young, and in the hour of death introducing us into blessed communion with the Imperishable?

This consciousness it is through which, and through which alone, we apprehend and know the Omnipotence and Immortality of God, and the reality of Heaven. To surrender it for any earthly consideration — we might as well sell our souls to the Evil One at once.

But even if present ease were ten thousand times more enduring than it is, yet if that sense of duty, which puts it at hazard, has reference to the most sacred interests of Humanity, to the freedom and happiness of millions of our fellow men, — in the name of the God of Justice, what right have I or you, or has any man or any number of men, or any State or the United States, to balance their temporal well-being against the inalienable rights of so great a multitude ? What right have we to sit at our ease upon the crushed body and soul of our brother ? The right of self-preservation ? We must take care of ourselves, say you ? I do not perceive the necessity. I do not see why those

should be taken care of, whose ease can be secured only at the cost of those rights of Humanity, without which,

“The pillared firmament is rottenness,
And Earth’s base built on stubble!”

We are not worthy to live, indeed we have no true life in us, if we cannot see how unmanly and how base it is to be willing to live at our ease, when those, whom our sense of Justice, were it only once thoroughly awake, could readily relieve, lie sunk in the deepest degradation.

The force of these considerations must be felt. The mighty wrong, which is upheld in this land, is to be abolished. And there is a necessity upon us. We must no longer allow the light of truth and humanity to be hid under the bushel of Trade. It must shine, let Slaveholders storm as they will. We must fulfil the obligations that are on us. And if we do not do our duty promptly and manfully, the Abolition of Slavery will come upon us or our

children amidst the sundering of all social ties and the unsettling of all things ; and then in what terms will the outrageous selfishness of those be execrated who put the subject off, and would not meet it like men, because, forsooth, they loved their own ease, and did not like to be annoyed ! I wonder men are not ashamed, that they do not " blush to their very bones," when they catch themselves talking about being weary and sick of the matter, as if beings made in the awful image of the Invisible, for whom Christ counted it all joy to die, were to be left crushed and bleeding, because it does not happen to be the most agreeable thing in the world to hazard our dainties and cushions in their behalf. What are our hearts made of when we talk thus ? Are they hearts of stone, or hearts of flesh ?

They are very much mistaken who suppose, because they are obscure, private persons, that they can contribute no light to the struggling cause of human Freedom. " You have no qualifications," you say, " for reformers. You cannot neglect the

business upon which your children's bread depends, and go and work for Abolition." Be it so. Let it be that you cannot lead, that you are made to follow. Then see to it whom you follow. If you can give forth no light of your own, take care, then, whose light you are guided by. Feed with the oil of your sympathy and support the lamps of those who are willing and able to lead. You belong to the body politic, and you take part in raising up and pulling down public men. Let the public men, then, whom you uphold, — let them be such men as are burning and shining lights in the great Temple of Humanity, and only such. You belong to a Church — to an association bearing the name, professing the faith and spirit of Him who came to proclaim deliverance to the captive, and to set at liberty them that are bruised. Again, then, see to it that your Christian profession be true, and not false. And to this end, insist that the professed minister and servant of Christ shall recognize his Master in the least of your brethren, that the law

of Christian Justice and Love shall be faithfully proclaimed in reference to the rights and claims of the Slave. Do this, see to it that your Church be a true Church and not a pretended one, and then you may pursue your daily business and forget your suffering brother — if, when Christianity is faithfully administered in the Church, that should be possible. But it will not be possible. A reformed Church will irradiate you with its light, and you will go from its ministrations like Moses from the Mount, and your whole life shall beam with that glory, in whose splendor the darkness of Slavery shall flee away forever.

Philadelphia, October, 1850.

Love and Liberty.

BY KATHERINE BARLAND.

THE moonlight-winds played through the leafy trees,
Making sweet music o'er the sleeping flowers ;
The old stars told the hours,
And, like the swell of mournful symphonies,
The ocean surges, wafted by the breeze,
Echoed among the bowers.
I caught the solemn music — bent the knee,
Joining the glorious hymn of Love and Liberty.

Across the far blue Morgen-land, the storm
Hung its dark mantle, and the gathering clouds
Came down like sable shrouds
Over my own loved mountains, heavy, warm,
With a sepulchral weight, the dead air hung,
As waiting to be stirred. The lightning flashed
Rapid and far — rains dashed

In torrents down the mountain. Each a tongue
Proclaimed in loudest accents, "We are free!"
In thrilling concert sung,
The same all-glorious song of Love and Liberty.

The wild night-winds howled down the mountain passes,
The crescent moon steered like a fairy bark,
'Mid reefs of vapor dark,
And silvered with her beams the waving grasses,
Or lighted up the pine-wood's sombre masses
On the far hills. The sea-bird caught the gleam
On her white wing. — The beam
Revealed the mountain torrent's dashing spray —
Its fountain free !
Field, river, ocean, tree,
Joined the all-glorious lay —
Chanted the same glad hymn of Love and Liberty.

The warm sun climbed the zenith, shining down
Into the bosom of the fragrant rose.
A deep and still repose
Hung over the thick wood, and not a frown
Darkened the placid Lake. The river played
With the bright yellow lotus flowers, and made

A thousand rainbows, as its waters rose
In crested foam. Each beautiful and free,
In noonday jubilee,
Chanted the joyous hymn of Love and Liberty.

The hurricane with fierce and rapid motion
Crossed the blue deeps from which the planets
gleamed
Aurora's splendors streamed,
With roseate hues down on the floating ocean
Of rain and storm-cloud, that in wild commotion
Rolled on from pole to pole. The stormy North
Its golden bands sent forth —
Flickering athwart the zenith with a light
So spiritually bright,
Making the vault of Night
One gorgeous mantle clasped and gemmed with gold.
And, ever as of old,
When sang the morning stars, they whispered me,
“ Joyous we are, and free —
Still chanting that old song of Love and Liberty ! ”

Glasgow, October, 1849.

Pictures of Southern Life,

FOR THE

DRAWING ROOMS OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

BY CAROLINE W. HEALEY DALL.

"I WILL make a man more precious than fine gold ; even a man than the golden wedge of Ophir."—ISAIAH.

"Receive Truth, from love of the Truth itself, and be not jealous of him, who devotes himself to tell it to you. Listen not to those who seek to deprecate his words, by accusing his person, for the weaknesses of man belong to man, but the word of Truth belongs to God."—CONSTANT.

ON the platform of a slave market, in a southern city, stood a singular group. In the foreground, a man of wealth, whose fine exterior had been ruined by a dissolute life ; whose heart was in the price of cotton, and whose intellect had but one occupation, for time or for eternity, an unceasing speculation on the value of men, as connected with the rise and fall of sugar. At his side, point-

ing out with much pride and emphasis, the various advantages of the pair who shared his proximity, stood a New England Slave dealer ; one with a hard, dry face, who set his mark on every man who passed his threshold, and determined from that hour, whether he were white or black, for what he could be bought and sold. A little in the rear stood two Slaves, now for the first time subjected to this public ordeal, by the death of a kind but ignorant master. The woman was young and fair, physically developed, evidently a household pet. Her husband, for husband it was that stood beside her, was hardly in the prime of manhood, but his hair was streaked with gray ; he carried his lip compressed ; and the impress of a struggle, undergone and surmounted, gave the character of age to his unusually fine features. How long have you been married ? said the purchaser to the woman, as the dealer ceased his enumeration of her points. "Three years, sir," was the quiet reply. "And in all this time, you dog," continued the planter,

turning sharply to the husband, "have you been able to give this fine young creature no children?" The quick eye of the black turned first towards his wife, who sobbed upon his shoulder, and the indignant blood mounted to his cheek and forehead. He paused a moment from fear of God, not man, then answered, faltering with folded hands, "We had one boy, but the Father took him."

There was a bustle among the females of the quarter, at Orange Hill. In the distance rose the white turrets of the family mansion, from among the glossy foliage of the fragrant trees, loaded at once with opening blossoms, half formed fruit, and the golden apples of ancient fable. The people were assembled about a newly white-washed hut. The clay floor had been freshly swept. There was a dampness in the atmosphere, and though the single window and door of the little dwelling were wide open, a bright fire blazed upon the hearth. A low table near was covered with a white cloth, on which stood cake and wine. On

the only stool the room contained, sat a colored woman of forty, rocking herself to and fro, in too much suffering to heed the niceness of her somewhat showy dress. Matty, the favorite Slave of her owner, was married at fifteen. To a husband whom she loved, she had borne eighteen children, and one after another they had been taken from her to stock a southern market. A week since her husband had been crushed in a mill, and poor Matty had purchased the possession of her only remaining child, by consenting to wed the new negro whom her master was to bring this night from the city. She was to meet him for the first time, at the altar that the institution of Slavery so utterly desecrates ; and for this, her master's fair-faced daughters had been busy all the afternoon, twining the rafters of her rude home with flowers, and making with much haste from remnants of their own finery, her wedding dress. Meanwhile, the child for whom she gave herself, hung sleeping among the flowers.

An eminent member of the bar, in a well known southern city, had sent a score or so of his own children to the New Orleans market. Two girls and one boy — children of the same mother — were to have shared this fate almost in infancy. An upper servant marking the silent anguish of their mother, humanely turned the attention of his master to the rare musical talents of the trio, and suggested to one whose dissolute habits kept his purse always empty, that a more lucrative use might be made of their fine faculties. He spoke in a happy hour. Teachers were procured for the children, and they were removed from the quarter at his plantation, to the light duties of young household servants at his city residence. As they grew older their striking personal resemblance to their father made their presence in the family somewhat obtrusive, while a mental likeness rendered them anything rather than useful or agreeable dependents. In the meantime, their talents had developed in a manner which surprised even those

who detected the secret of their birth. They were employed to sing at public celebrations and private parties, and it was rumored that the brother understood music more scientifically than any of the pale amateurs about him. In a city somewhat removed from that of their birth, a northern lady having need of the services of a dressmaker was directed to a neat and somewhat stylish house where she was tauntingly told she might gratify her Anti-Slavery prejudices by the opportunity of employing a mulatto. It was in September. The wide piazzas of the ground-floor were shaded by a fanciful network of the polished leaves and fragrant blossoms of the delicate Madeira vine. A splendid Catalpa lifted itself far above the windows of the highest. In a basement parlor, well furnished with books and music, the young man was giving a lesson on the flute to one of the exquisitely scented dandies with which the neighboring city of Washington abounds. On the other side of the passage, an open door showed the colored teacher

quitting her piano and carefully fastening the sun-bonnets of two fair haired children, who had just finished their lesson.

The lady passed on as she had been directed to do, and on the floor above she found the second sister surrounded with the litter and paraphernalia of a dressmaker, giving instructions to a number of apprentices. The intelligence with which her directions were fulfilled pleased the stranger. She became interested in the family, lent them books and music, and quietly visited them whenever she had a spare hour. One evening she sat at their pleasant tea-table, decorated with snowy curds, sweet cream, and refreshing fruit. "How happy you would be," she exclaimed, "in this comfortable home, if you could forget the degradation of your race."

Had a thunder cloud enveloped the whole group, it could not have produced a more tangible darkness than her words. "Do you not know?" exclaimed the young man, pushing aside his plate,

" that the degradation of our race is our degradation ? We, too, are Slaves ; our master educated us for his own profit, not to make us better or happier. When we were old enough we hired our time of him, at what was then considered an exorbitant price, in the hope of purchasing the freedom of our bitterly injured mother. Under this disadvantage even, we were beginning to lay by a small sum of money, when our master lost the remains of his embarrassed property by gambling. When I went one night to pay for my month's time, he refused to renew the arrangement. He told me that he now had need of all our earnings, and that henceforth we must keep a minute account of our household expenses, furnished in the most economical manner. He would supply, he said, our professional wants, but every cent that remained must be given up to him. Our pupils have increased to a marvel. We teach from dawn till dusk, the whole week through, but how are we profited by that ? Our poor old mother is our

only servant, cheerful because she has not lost us, in addition to her virtue. Education seems only to have unfitted us for life. Our pupils regard us as their inferiors. The few degraded freemen in our neighborhood offer us no society. We are isolated in soul and body; and of all who have ever known us, you are the first, Madame, who has ever deigned to sit at our table. Independent, indeed, does our life seem to you? Were I to swim yon blue Potomac after nightfall, his blood-hounds would be at my heels; for he who has stated in the Halls of Congress that the blacks are incapable of self-support, now depends for his daily bread, nay, for his daily cake and wine, upon the industry of those whom he calls his Slaves!"

A southern orphan had been carefully nurtured by northern relatives, who hoped to find in him the dutiful affection of an only son. A large estate, bequeathed him unexpectedly by a distant and almost unknown connection, carried him, before he had attained his majority, to the State of Louisiana.

He was one of those well brought up young men, who have no definite opinions on the subject of Slavery. He had put off the evil day, when it should be necessary to ponder it. His immense wealth led him, on his first arrival at New Orleans, into the society of the most dissipated and careless. Around the table at the St. Charles he frequently met his companions. There was no lack of wit and gayety among them, of pleasant and generous intercourse ; but there was no foundation of solid principle, no honorable stand-point, with regard to life, upon which he and they could meet. He was soon taught that a private harem was indispensable to his happiness, and was recognized by a northern friend, some few months after his arrival, in the act of bidding for a fancy Slave. It was easy to recognize him, in spite of the marks which his altered course of life had left upon his face and figure. The beautiful creature, by whom his attention was absorbed, lay half naked and motionless upon a couch formed of the clothing she had

cast aside. She was not of those who most deeply enlist our sympathies. She knew not that the life about to open upon her would be more degrading, in its results, than the careless hours of the fifteen years she had passed. She cared only for a master more handsome and more generous than that of her companions. Sharing the most mysterious and winning charms of the two races whose blood was shamefully blended in her veins, she had no fear of failure, after having once drawn his eye to her voluptuous form. The friend who watched them both awaited not the result, but, walking sadly away, wondered as he went, which of these two was most accountable in the sight of God. He, well-bred and carefully taught the formulas of moral and religious life, too indolent to possess fixed principles, and led at this moment, almost without his own knowledge, into the abysses of vice. She, a child of fifteen summers, untaught and half wild, seducing his impulses and swaying his passions

with the skill and certainty of a young ourang ; the degraded scion of two degraded races.

In no State of the Union does the institution of Slavery bring with it more unmitigated horrors than in the inland State of Tennessee. But a few years ago the execution of a Slave, without judge or jury, on the retired plantations, was, to say the least, no unheard of thing. Around the family mansion, on one of these estates, at least twenty miles from any other dwelling, five or six hundred Slaves had gathered, and the stranger who had passed that way might have judged somewhat leniently of the "patriarchal institution," for their master was dying and they were all in tears !

Now and then was heard a suppressed sob, but oftener a kind of shriek, or the low moan of a child, and among the men who could not or would not weep, every other face, at least, wore the expression of intense anxiety. They could hardly tell why they wept, perhaps ; whether for themselves or him

who was dying. He had been neither severe nor kind, that they knew, but their master. They wept because they were agitated and uncertain, because the rising sun would bring to all a new owner, and each of those several bosoms quaked with hopes and fears of its own. Might it not have softened any white man's heart, to look upon those hundreds of upturned faces, and think how dependent upon him, for life or death, for weal or woe, was every soul there gathered?

Suddenly came the distant rattling of hoofs, and a horse, hotly ridden and dripping with foam, dashed up the avenue to the very foot of the steps where the household servants had gathered. A young man, fashionably attired and somewhat reckless in aspect, threw his reins to the nearest black, and springing from his saddle, hurried towards the hall. Among the many who knelt along those steps there was one too young, too affectionate, too unwise indeed, to defer her petition. "Oh, Massa Alfred, Massa Alfred," cried the negro

mother, lifting her crowing babe, that he might catch one glance of the new comer's usually radiant face, " Massa Alfred, promise this night that you will never sell this one away from me ! " He had ridden in haste to ask one last favor of his failing parent. He was selfish and careless, and he broke from her entreaties, thrusting aside the caressing child with a rough, unmanly kick of his heavy riding boot, and hurried up the steps ; hurried, as he thought, to save his own last hope from shipwreck, to the presence of the dying. But he was fitly punished, — he entered only to the presence of the dead.

In an instant that tearful crowd seemed changed to stone. They had witnessed the new comer's brutal repulse of the young mother, they heard the sharp cry of the poor child, as two of its pearly glittering teeth were forced back into its throat ; and while the stupefied girl wiped the blood from its mangled features, the tears were dried in all eyes, and those who had checked the current of

their lives for a moment, while they battled with their fears, allowed it to flow on once more, and went sullenly to their work, for each had parted with his hope.

All night long those who watched beside the dead heard the heavy stride of the disappointed son, as he paced the adjoining room. Will it be believed that, as he considered again and again his own disappointment, he thought not once of the last hope of hundreds which he had that night cut off? Alas! the heart of the habitual wrong-doer is hard!

Look at them as they hang, American women, and if they were not Miracles of Nature, would you not call them Gems of Art? Think you that in the eleven thousand rooms of the Vatican, or the crowded galleries of the Louvre, you can find no "Flaying of Marsyas," no "Imprisonment of Urgolino," to complete and match the shameful series? Reproach me not that I have brought to you no pleasant sketch, nor tempted your fancy

with some graceful picture of patriarchal devotion or light-hearted service ; for I have pledged myself unto God, to bring before you without end, all that may shame your women's cheeks, all that may shock your women's hearts, — until seeing Slavery as it is, you uplift your voices as one voice, raising a truly effectual cry for Liberty ; until you feel the wrongs of a million and a half of sisters as if they were your own ; until you nurture the rights of the unborn colored babe as you would those of the smiling child upon your knees.

I will spare you in nothing. You shall look upon the white man, desecrating the holy marriage tie by a brutal curiosity, and listen to the Slave who answers it in the dignity of one whom " Christ hath set free." You shall see fair girls twining with flowers the hut where a Representative to the House of these United States is about to bind in galling chains two beings, whom no choice of their own, no will of Heaven, called to each other's side ; the Slave mother consenting to sell herself to a

stranger, as a ransom for her child, while pure hearted girls, your children, American women, look on and do not blush. You shall see an eminent member of the bar bringing into the world a group of children whom he declares before the bar of his country, incapable of self-support. You shall see him reduced to bankruptcy, and them supporting in luxury the father and master who secures to them a bare subsistence. You shall see a northern boy, committed through an inheritance of sin to a career of vice, purchasing a mistress, as he might an ox at the shambles, and the fancy Slave, licentious in thought and deed, kissing the rod that is to slay her soul.

You shall see, in a white man of high lineage and polished manners, a specimen of the selfish cruelty nurtured by the institution of Slavery, so intense, that your blood will curdle, as you turn from the hundreds whose hearts he crushed by one angry impulse, to the bleeding child he wounded.

You fancy that you have nothing to do with

these matters, that they have a bearing on the policy of your country, that great mystery, which, women as you are, you dare not strive to comprehend. It is hard for a woman to believe that women do not feel; hard for her so believing to anticipate that hour when God shall ask of her sex, what it has done with the great prerogative He gave it in this world. Methinks that we can see enough to make us ashamed of American statesmanship, without plunging beyond our depth into forbidden mysteries. On the South we see the Northern States of Mexico, declaring themselves independent, alike of our government and every other; on the North, is raised again the bewildering cry of annexation. As I write these words, there comes to me from a Slave State, a newspaper containing a letter from General Scott, calmly advising the annexation of the Canadas, and reminding me of the abominable letters scattered through the States with reference to Texas, years ago. Does General Scott think this annexation an

easy, even if it were an honorable thing? He may forget, but I cannot, that the laws of Canada secure a home to the fugitive Slave; and does he think its people so lost to humanity that they would consent to give back the helpless thousands who have already reached their borders, or bind themselves in federal union to restore all future fugitives? What less would content our people? Is it not evident that such an annexation would sever our union at the heart? and although some of us might not grieve over the rending, we have little reason to think General Scott of that number.

At this moment also, the friends of freedom find Anti-Slavery columns filled with the circular of Cassius Clay, a circular which shows how a little excitement leads a man from the defence of public war to that of private slaughter; which fastens the stain of blood forever unto one, who, after his limited knowledge, has striven in a Slave State for freedom, himself at last the life-long bondman of one blind, passionate impulse. These disgraces

may be wiped from the broad shield of our union, provided it shall speedily be found to do good service to humanity ; but can we say this of the late letter of Henry Clay, upon Emancipation ? How will American statesmanship stand abroad, as this letter is wafted over the eastern continent, and it is seen what appears possible to the keen glance of one of the greatest men in a country pledged to the progress of the race ? How will it stand, alas ! before the judgment seat of God ?

That this letter is a disgrace to us, as a people, I feel all the more bitterly, because I have just risen from the pages of one whom I have loved and honored from my childhood ; one to whom I am under great spiritual obligation ; one who does not sympathize with Mr. Clay, in his proposed manner of Emancipation, and who, nevertheless, says that he is doing " more for freedom than any living man," that he has nobly identified himself with the great interests of humanity ! I have no time for minute criticism, but this letter seems to me in its whole

tone and spirit, unworthy of a great man in his sound mind. More than once I have besought the friends of freedom to use gentler words ; more than once I have besought them, if they must measure individual error by abstract truth, to make those allowances for sin, that are valid before God and man ; but I hardly know how to make allowance for a New England Divine, when he does not see that the life and availability of the great party of southern Abolitionists has been imparted by the few stalwart sons of the North, willing to stand in the breach ; that Henry Clay is not the leader of the people, but the led, and that it is because a certain amount of Anti-Slavery sentiment is now required by all political parties in this country, that men like Clay and Benton, find it a suitable time to assume it. No one can read their speeches, and believe it to be the result of their own individual progress. The reformers of our time have come up from the field and the workshop, from the Slave prison and the

broad plantation ; some of them even from the school-room and the nursery ; and can we expect such men and such women to be always wise unto salvation ? God has been with them of a truth, but the punishment of their mistakes has been ever the deferment of their cherished hopes. When the student of history and human nature, the teacher of heavenly wisdom, or the professed man of letters, is willing to come forth from his study and share their perils, their reproaches, and their poverty, his reproofs will, for the first time, strike to the root of the evil. For the present, what wonder is it, that they are ascribed to his habitual indifference ? We must welcome the blindest efforts of the friends of freedom, but the true reformer must not only see the abstract truth, and point out the instances where individual conduct fails to meet it, but must also be able to show what, without his will, and within the accidents of birth or position, has made many a man a sinner. A more delicate duty remains, and that is, to prove to him that, although ignorance

may absolve him in the first instance, it cannot do so in the second, after the legitimate consequences of his acts have been clearly pointed out.

An educated colored man is the best Anti-Slavery argument, and I have thanked God more than once, after listening to the eloquence of Douglass, that He has raised up one advocate from that injured race, capable of seeing and stating the whole truth, capable of vindicating, in a reverent spirit, his own rights, without wantonly assailing those of any other.

I dwell thus long upon political matters, women of America, because I feel that all reform in polities, in philanthropy, and in social life, depends upon you for purity and vigor. Do not be afraid to assume your responsibility. Our first steps in matters of this sort will be tottering and aimless. Perchance we shall do some harm in the beginning by unwise meddling; but it is our duty none the less; and if we would prosper on our way, we must not take too close heed to our steps, but lift a

steady, searching, yet humble gaze to the God of Infinite Truth. Thus gazing, we shall never be led astray, let a carping world say what it will.

Parsonage, East Needham, Mass.

August, 1849.

The Word.

BY SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

In the beginning was the Word :
Athwart the chaos-night
It gleamed with quick, creative power,
And there was life and light.

Thy Word, O God ! is living yet ;
Amid earth's restless strife
New harmony creating still
And ever higher life.

And as that Word moves surely on,
The light, ray after ray,
Streams farther out athwart the dark,
And night grows into day.

O Word that broke the Stillness first,
Sound on ! and never cease
Till all earth's darkness be made light,
And all her discord, peace !

Till, wail of woe and clank of chain
And bruit of battle stilled,
The world with thy great music's pulse,
O Word of Love ! be thrilled.

Till selfishness, and strife, and wrong
Thy summons shall have heard ;
And thy creation be complete,
O thou Eternal Word !

Fall River, September, 1850.

Anomalies of the Age.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—As the years pass on, and your annual celebration comes round, recalling our thoughts to our principles of action in regard to a very serious matter, I grow more and more uneasy about the discrepancy between the Christianity which is recorded and that which is professed in the countries that assume to lead the world. To me it appears that the discrepancy deepens and spreads, so that I am perplexed and scared, as by a bewildering dream, and am ready to ask whether it is we who are insane, or those whose doings confound us.

I wish it were possible to bring others to that point of open declaration, and clear avowal of views which we are, I believe, ready to afford on our

part. If we could bring men who do unchristian things to say that they do not think Christianity adequate to the needs of human nature ; or that they do not think it appropriate to all kinds of mind ; or that they do not think it in any way true, we might see our way, and understand what is about us. If men would say what they think, and show what they are, this would be better (be their thoughts and condition what they may) than compelling us to walk, as if in a troubled dream, by their taking up with a faith and utterly perverting and spoiling it as they do. See what the Christian countries of the world are doing now, and say whether there is anything to choose between their religion and that of any old country, whose heathen temples stand as warnings against superstition. Look at Rome, where a class of old and heart-withered young priests are pulling human happiness to shreds ! They are banishing and imprisoning the young, setting spies upon the old, living in luxury and grasping at power. And

yet, if we mistake not, the Gospel discourages fine living, and love of power, and meddling with neighbors, and inflicting pain in God's name or one's own. Look at Russia, where the emperor puts his name next to God's in the catechism, and has the children of his empire taught that he is more like God than he is like them ; that he is not to be loved by the oldest and wisest of his people as a brother, but obeyed as a father, and the kind of father that God is. Can this man and his abettors, and his wretched worshippers know that all men are brethren from the point of view that Christianity takes ? Perhaps not : for in the countries where the Latin and Greek Churches are established, little or nothing is known of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, as real men and writers of books.

Germany and France have the honesty not to say much about Christianity being the rule of their life ; and, however much we may wish that they would ascertain a basis, and plant themselves upon

it, the absence of Christian profession, in the absence of Christian practice, is a good as far as it goes. In your country and mine, the profession is, not only of being Christian, but it is our boast that we obtain our rule for ourselves, out of the very records ; that the words of Jesus fall upon our ears as if he were himself before our eyes. And what are we doing ? Are we non-resistant among the powers of the world, meddling with neither Greece, nor Spain, nor Affghans, nor Chinese, but letting others work their will upon us, not resisting evil ? Are there none among us abounding in good things while others have need ? Look at us, how we now stand, with tens of thousands of children within the bounds of our islands growing up under influences which deepen by the intelligence of man the instincts and propensities of the monkey. Instead of calling little children to them our churchmen and dissenters are fixing up barriers between them and God, — that is, light and goodness, — which they may not pass. While our towns are infested

with misery and the country laid waste by sensual vice, the Church itself, — the curator of Christianity, — is splitting to pieces upon the question of prevenient grace. And this with page after page before their eyes of denunciation of Phariseeism, which they are obliged to read aloud Sunday by Sunday.

We have men in parliament who seem actually unable to read the story about the ears of corn gathered on the Sabbath, and the illustrations about the ox and the ass which have fallen into a pit. These men, with the New Testament in their hands, have just been oppressing their brethren, and especially the poor, with an imposition of a Jewish Sabbath, — as nearly as they can approach it. Here is a poor girl living near me who, on this first Sunday under the new rule, believes that a letter is lying at the post-office which will tell whether her father is dead or recovering, or so likely to die as to need her immediate presence ; and she cannot lay her hand on the letter till

to-morrow. One of these curators of Christianity, a clergyman of rank, preaching in Westminister Abbey, with the open Bible before him, gave out as his text, "The Sabbath was made for man," without saying that there was another half to the text which he had omitted. We cast out from political rights the Jew, because he is weak ; and we admitted the Catholics only because they were strong. Our Church ministers fare sumptuously ; and the bishops are overwhelmed with business,—not of spiritual administration, but of management of ecclesiastical property.

Happily we have also the self-denying, the meek, the reverent, the self-forgetful, and devoted. High and low, are scattered bright lights of faith, hope, and charity. The half-fed gives half his food to his neighbor who has nothing. The wearied worker sits up all night with the sick. The legislator seeks the public good, and forgets that he might as well try to distinguish himself. But these are they who say little or nothing about

Christianity, but act from their own nature, kindly developed by a faith which boasteth not herself.

As for your country, few words are needed at this point of time, when your citizens are snatching land and gold, slaying foreigners who oppose their lust of land and gold, keeping their brethren in bonds, and, when referred back to the Gospel for rules for the treatment of brethren, driven to discover that negroes are not brethren, nor men at all. Your Gospel curators are too like ours, — evading the praying for Slaves, declining to plead for them, and even uttering pulpit rejoicings over the compromise of Mr. Clay, which would quietly doom a new generation to Slavery for a quarter of a century. Like us, too, you have saints who say nothing, and perhaps think nothing, about personal holiness ; apostles who boast no mission ; and benefactors who do not wait for a command to aid their brethren. They no more profess Christianity than a man in health perpetually adduces air, and sun-

shine, and pure water. He breathes and lives ; and your true apostles breathe and live in such elements of Christianity as they assimilate.

All this is as common as men, and as old as human imperfection ; but it makes us long for something which would be somewhat newer, and a relief from the sense of hollowness which distresses us. If we could but induce men who do not practice Christianity, to disclaim it, if not as a fact, yet as their guide and their plea ! How welcome would our bishops be to their purple and their property, if only they would admit that they have these things because they like them, and not because Jesus was or was not a bishop, or desired or forbade his ministers to be rich and grand ! How comparatively welcome would your legislators and clergy be to their notions about negroes, if only they would plead a natural pride and combative-ness, and say that they entertained objections to the statement that God made of one blood all the

nations of the earth ! If Christianity be true, it can take care of itself, whatever these or those men can say about it. Let them say that it does not approve itself to them,—that it does not suit everybody,—that it is worn out,—that it is not yet developed;—any objections whatever. Let us have them out, and get rid of the bad dream of contrariety by which we now find ourselves beset on every side.

Would it not be a relief to see Christianity voted down in conventions of our respective nations, and so set free to try its forces again, as among the heathenisms of old ? What a sight it would be,—the trial of its vital force in an age like ours ! If we cannot hope to get such a convention, or such an act of honesty from long trained hypocrisy or carelessness, we may do something,—you and I,—by perseveringly holding up the simple Christian view on the one hand, and its opposite (under the same denomination) on the other, and saying, till the worldly ear is weary of hearing us, “ Look

on this picture,—and on that." It is weary work ; but it is better than sitting quiet, to be bewildered by a bad dream.

Yours, ever,

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Ambleside, June, 1850.

The Two Eagles.

BY JOHN MORLEY.

I SAW an Eagle on Mount Washington,
Dark feathers three in each tremendous wing ;
And, whether that the bird consorted ever
With the proud fowl that on Jove's sceptre sleeps,
And seeing not one black plume on the bird,
Hence fancied, with the foolish mind of youth,
(For young he is) his own three sooty plumes
Shamed his fair pens, I know not, but he sate
Pecking the sable quills with angry beak,
And would have torn them from their rigid hold,
But blood had followed staining all the wing.
What did he then ?

Why, moody as he was,
With that same angry beak preening his fans,

He strove to lay the shame-spots from the sight
Of birds, and gods, and men.

But while I stood,
E'en then flew past him on behest sublime,
That living hieroglyph of speed, Jove's Hawk ;
His quick eye saw the lofty bird's dismay,
And thus he spake :

Whence had those plumes their hue ?
How came they thine ? Beware, lest wisest Jove
Give thee a moulting to yet greater shame
And dim the exceeding lustre of thy wing !

* * * * *

No more. One bird pursued his mission high,
The other trembled on Mount Washington.

Egerton, near Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire.

Infidelity and Treason.

BY WILLIAM I. BOWDITCH.

No charges are more frequently brought against Abolitionists than those of infidelity and treason. Probably none tend to close more minds against the reception of Anti-Slavery truth than these ; for few charges are, at first view, apparently more just. Are not the Abolitionists constantly denouncing the Church and national constitution ? And yet no charges are more wholly groundless ! Nothing is, or can be more demonstratively certain, than that no man has even a decent reason for calling me either an infidel or a traitor.

Infidelity is simply the rejection of religious belief. It matters not what form of belief, — whoever rejects *any* form of religious belief is to that extent an infidel. Christians call those who reject

Christianity infidels. Mahometans call us infidels because we reject Mahometanism. The Bramin views as infidels the disbelievers in the Sacred Vedas. And so it is with the followers of every form of religious truth. Whoever disbelieves in any form of religious truth, is an infidel in the opinion of those who adhere to that truth. Christians, Mahometans, Pagans, all are thus in their turn infidels. No man can possibly avoid being an infidel, for all men of necessity, must disbelieve in some form or other of what is received as religious truth. If I am an infidel, so are you.

Some one will assuredly say, — you are an infidel, not because you disbelieve in Mahometanism, or Braminism, but because, professing to be a Christian, you disbelieve in Christianity. But who is to decide what is Christian truth? The Catholic assures me that a general council of the Church is guided infallibly by the Spirit of God in the enunciation of truth. But how, my Catholic friend, can you prove to me that your general council is

thus infallible? By a process of solid reasoning? Doubtless *solid*, and, if you please, very highly probable *reasoning*; but still merely human reasoning, and no merely human reasoning can, by any possibility, produce *infallible* results. The infallibility of the Catholic Church rests at best on a probably correct chain of reasoning,—but still only a probability. It is therefore only a probable infallibility, which is no infallibility at all, but simply a probability. And still another difficulty exists. Even if the decrees of the council of Trent contain infallibly the truth of God, we must have an infallible interpreter of their meaning before we can arrive at infallible results. Probably correct interpretation will not do; we must have absolute certainty. Now, we believe that it is not even pretended by Catholics that their separate bishops and priests are thus infallible interpreters of the sacred writings; whether we are right or not in our belief, this however is certain, that this infallibility of the pope, or of

separate bishops and priests, like that of the council itself, must rest on a probability, and consequently is no infallibility at all. Every Catholic is therefore forced to admit that *his* Christian truth is, at best, only probably true, and that it may *possibly* be false. In other words, every Catholic must of necessity admit that *my* Christianity *may* be right. With what propriety, then, can any Catholic call me an infidel ?

We confess our astonishment that any Protestant should stigmatize as an infidel any man who calls himself a Christian. For what is the most distinctive principle of Protestantism ? Is it not, that no man nor set of men have any, the slightest authority whatever, to declare what is Christian truth ? Is it not that each man is to interpret the Bible for himself ; to find out for himself what is God's everlasting truth ? Most assuredly this is so. The Rev. Mr. Clapp, of New Orleans, may expound the Bible to us and say, "*here we see God dealing in Slaves,*" and the Rev. Moses Stuart, of Andover,

may ask, “how is the ownership of Slaves, *which heaven has given express leave to purchase*, to be deemed a crime of the deepest die?” It matters not. Both these gentlemen, as Protestants, assure us that their idea of truth may be wrong, and that each man has the right, and must examine and decide the matter for himself. In other words, all Protestants, by the very fact that they protest against the existence of any infallible authority in matters of religious belief, and set up instead their own individual opinion as the only true basis of religious belief, are necessitated to admit that their own opinions are only probably true, and consequently that their opinions may be wrong. All Protestants are compelled to admit that my idea of truth *may* be right after all, and that theirs may be wrong. How perfectly ridiculous is it, then, for any Protestant to call me an infidel for holding an opinion which he admits may be true.

You cannot avoid this conclusion by saying that my opinion is not *so* probable as yours, because

mine is the opinion of but few, and yours is that of many. If this is to be admitted as any the least test of the truth of an opinion, the Catholic religion is the only true Christian religion, and all Christians are in the wrong, because the followers of Paganism are vastly more numerous than Christians!

The conclusion is unavoidable that no man has any other or better reason for calling me an infidel, than I have for calling him one. Let no one therefore close his ears to Anti-Slavery truth, from the dread of becoming an infidel. He alone is an infidel — or *unfaithful* to his own soul — who suffers an unmeaning prejudice to close his mind to the reception of noble and generous truths.

Treason is a crime known only to the *law*. The Constitution of the United States, Art. III. Sect. 3, provides that "treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort." The Revised Statutes of Massachusetts give the same definition. (Chap. 124, Sect. 1.)

Now to constitute the crime of levying war, there must be *the employment of actual force*. Not even the actual enlistment of men to serve against the government amounts to levying war. "It is not the intention of the Court," says C. J. Marshall, (*Ex parte Bollman*, 4 Cranch, 126,) "to say that no individual can be guilty of this crime who has not appeared in arms against his country. On the contrary, if war be actually levied, that is, if a *body of men be actually assembled* for the purpose of effecting *by force* a treasonable purpose, all those who perform any part, however minute, or however remote from the scene of action, and who are actually leagued in the general conspiracy, are to be considered as traitors. *But* there must be an *actual assembling of men* for the treasonable purpose to constitute a levying of war!"

To constitute the crime of adhering to the enemies of the country, giving them aid and comfort, there must be, says Blackstone, (4 Comm. p. 2.) "some overt act, as by giving them intelligence,

by sending them provisions, by selling them arms, by treacherously surrendering a fortress, or the like."

Such are the acts which are required to make up the crime of treason. But the Abolitionists have always repudiated all resort to force to attain their end. The motto on their banner is, "Our trust for victory is solely in God. We may be defeated — our principles never." Ours is a moral not a physical struggle. So far from endeavoring to subvert the government, or oppose the laws by force, we have always submitted peacefully to legal exactions, caused by our adherence to Anti-Slavery principles. We have always repudiated physical resistance. We aim to amend or subvert the government simply by changing public opinion, and in no other way would we subvert it. Our weapon is the diffusion of Anti-Slavery truth, and this is our *only* weapon. We have no faith in any good to result from the enlistment of soldiers in such a cause. Ours is the cause of truth, and as such it

must succeed. We may not see its triumph. Our children's children may not see the happy day. But none the less surely will our cause triumph, for "truth, next unto God, is almighty."

The charge of treason, therefore, is as unfounded as that of infidelity. The Abolitionists are not and never were traitors. Not only this, but they can never become traitors, without ceasing to be Abolitionists. Some one will doubtless say, if the Abolitionists are not traitors in a legal point of view, they are traitors in a moral point of view. Do they not call the United States Constitution "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell?" It is true that this Scriptural expression is often applied to the Constitution, and though not to my taste, (for I disbelieve in hell,) the application is substantially true.

But the mere statement of this new charge shows its absurdity. It is simply this; that the Abolitionists are traitors in a moral point of view, because they denounce and repudiate an immoral compact!

They are guilty of *moral* treason, because they refuse to support immorality! The national bounty on Slaveholding and the national stipulations to protect property in Slaves are morally wrong, and they alone are traitors, morally speaking, who support these wrongs. If we are traitors, we are so because we believe in, and propose to carry out in practice, the great self-evident truth of the Declaration of Independence, that *all* men, black as well as white, have an inalienable right to liberty. If we are traitors, we are so, because we refuse to abandon the noble principles of our fathers! If we are traitors, we are so, because we refuse to support the Constitution, which, professing to be devised to secure the blessings of liberty, was intended to aid in securing the Slavery of the black man! Those who adopted the Constitution were moral traitors, if any such there be, for they covenanted against what in their eyes was self-evident truth! They deliberately agreed that what to them was self-evident wrong should be

legally right ! and we, their descendants, are to be called moral traitors, because we repudiate their humiliating compromise with wrong ! He alone is or can be a traitor, *morally* speaking, who supports wrong doing. He alone is truly loyal, morally speaking, who refuses to support, and openly denounces all compromises for the support of wrong. The Abolitionists therefore are no more traitors, morally speaking, than they are so legally speaking.

We are *believers* in and not infidels to God's everlasting truths, that all men, black as well as white, are brethren, and that we should love our neighbors as ourselves. We are loyal and not traitors to the great principles of the Declaration of Independence, to the great fundamental principles of civil and religious liberty.

Brookline, July, 1850.

The Root of Slavery.

BY SAMUEL J. MAY.

WHAT is it that sustains Slavery in the land — the disgrace, the bane, the ruin of our Republic ? Mr. Clay has told you, the Slaves as property are worth twelve hundred millions of dollars ; and the monetary interests of the North are so interlaced with those of the South, that the selfishness of the whole country is enlisted to perpetuate the horrible wrong. The sentiment and the love of liberty are so low among us, that everywhere we meet an expression of surprise, an intimation that we are fanatical, when we insist that all these Slaves ought to be set at liberty without delay. Why, 'tis said, they are property ! And alas ! property is held in so much higher esteem than humanity, the love of money is so much more intense than the

love of liberty and righteousness, that the bondmen are left in their chains. Even those of the free, who are poor, are so besotted with the idea that money is the great good—the acquisition of money the chief concern—the keeping of money the true interest of man, that even amongst those whose physical condition is almost as deplorable as that of the Slaves, we find some staunch defenders of the right of the masters to their bondmen. These are their property, is the cry.

Men highest in office over us—men who legislate, and men who adjudicate, and men who execute the laws of the State and of the Union ; ah ! and men and women of the first respectability in private life ; nay more, men and women who are accounted Christians, yea, even the ornaments and pillars of the churches, wonder at us when we insist that all who are holding fellow men in Slavery—all, though they be rich, refined, and unused to labor, ought to relinquish their grasp at once,—recognize the humanity of their bondmen,

and allow them to become what God made them to be. "Why," these wise and prudent and pious ones cry out, "why, it would *impoverish* the Slaveholders!" What of that? it would make them better men and women. Slavery now impoverishes the Slaves; yes, strips them of everything; and, as an impartial brother of the human family, I am as willing the Slaveholders should be poor, as the Slaves. Indeed I am more willing that the Slaveholders should have much less property than they now hold, than that the Slaves should continue to have nothing which they can call their own. But in fact, I care not whether the one or the other be rich or poor. I desire only that they should both be men, true, good men; and sure I am that neither the Slaves, nor the Slaveholders, (so long as they continue in their unnatural, inhuman relation,) can be true men.

Again, we are told, the Slaves are property *by law*, and we cannot gainsay that. Ah, we reply, there is a flaw in the title. The law-makers trans-

cended their power. They presumed to alienate what is inalienable ; to give to one portion of the people that which they had no right to take from the other portion. Their legislation was partial, unjust, cruel. It should therefore be accounted null and void. Nevertheless, we are continually meeting those who acquiesce without a murmur when they see property transferred to its true owner, even though it strip the unrighteous possessor to his skin ; and yet withstand the demand we make, that the dearest possession a man can hold — *the possession of himself* — should be restored to the Slave, because, forsooth, it would annihilate the property of the master. They are willing that property of any sort (even property in men) should be conveyed from one Slaveholder to another Slaveholder ; but not from the Slaveholder to the Slave, because, in this case, the property would disappear in a piece of humanity — the chattel would become a man.

We shall be a while longer reminded, as we have often been, that immense debts to our northern merchants, which they cannot afford to lose, are secured by mortgages upon Slaves ; and therefore our demand cannot be allowed. We do not feel the weight of this appeal. There have been invalid securities often given. This is but another. And I say, let the merchants lose their debts, rather than that human beings should continue to be deprived of their human rights. Shame on those who would urge the claims of *merchants* in opposition to the claims of *men* !

Syracuse, N. Y., May, 1848.

Translations from the Persian of Hafiz.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE PHÆNIX.*

My bosom's Phœnix has assured
His nest in the sky-vault's cope,
In the body's eye immured
He is weary of life's hope.

Round and round this heap of ashes
Now flies the bird amain,
But in that odorous niche of heaven
Nestles the bird again.

Once flies he upward, he will perch
On Tuba's † golden bough ;
His home is on that fruited arch
Which cools the blest below.

* The Soul.

† The Tree of Life.

If over this world of ours
His wings my Phoenix spread,
How gracious falls on land and sea
The soul-refreshing shade !

Either world inhabits he,
Sees oft below him planets roll ;
His body is all of air compact,
Of Allah's love, his soul.

F A I T H .

Plunge in yon angry waves,
Defying doubt and care,
And the flowing of the seven broad seas
Shall never wet thy hair.

Is Allah's face on thee
Bending with love benign ?
Thou too on Allah's countenance
O fairest ! turnest thine.

And though thy fortune and thy form
Be broken, waste, and void,
Though suns be spent, of thy life-root
No fibre is destroyed.

THE POET.

Hoard knowledge in thy coffers,
The lightest load to bear ;
Ingots of gold, and diamonds,
Let others drag with care.

The devil's snares are strong,
Yet have I God in need ;
And if I had not God to friend,
What can the devil speed ?

Courage ! Hafiz, though not thine
Gold wedge and silver ore,
More worth to thee the gift of song,
And the clear insight more.

I truly have no treasure,
Yet have I rich content ;
The first from Allah to the Shah,
The last to Hafiz went.

TO HIMSELF.

Hafiz, speak not of thy need,
Are not these verses thine ?
Then, all the poets are agreed,
Thou canst at nought repine.

Concord, October, 1850.

The Spirit of the Abolitionists.

BY MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN.

NOTHING is more common than the charge against the Abolitionists of being instigated by a bad spirit. It is the last resource of the accuser who has sought in vain for *substantial* proof against them, to take refuge in this *essential* vagueness. When more closely pressed for a definition of his meaning, the adversary, if a lawyer or a politician, declares "they have the spirit of destructiveness:" — if a religionist or a mobocrat, that "they have the spirit of the devil."

I believe the real difficulty to be that they are men of *spirit*, and demand that right and duty should be done immediately: — that Slavery should be abolished without delay. They are no less

aware than Edmund Burke himself might be of the manner in which good and evil are interwoven in the existing institutions of the United States, and of all that he and such as he would say of the risk while destroying the worser part, of notably impairing the other. They know that "rage and phrenzy will pull down more in half an hour, than prudence, deliberation, and foresight can build up in a hundred years ;— that the errors and defects of old institutions are visible and palpable ; that it calls for but little ability to point them out," &c. &c. ; and having the spirit that desires no less to preserve what is good than to destroy what is evil, they have been enabled to devise a method of procedure which ensures a regular and progressive reform, without violent haste or indiscriminate attack.

They have, in a word, abjured physical force. They have from the beginning, twenty years ago, adopted the principles of peace, and they appeal only to men's hearts and consciences. They are

often condemned as rash ; yet it is, as Burke himself declares, “ one of the excellencies of such a method, that its operation is slow, — in some cases almost imperceptible.” They are “ men of vigorous minds, steady, persevering attention, of great powers of comparison and combination, with understandings fruitful in expedients, exercised in a continued conflict with the combined force of opposite vices.” Suppose they had felt no check to prevent them from joining the conservative Dr. Johnson, who, in view of the cruelties and oppressions of Slavery, used to fill his glass at a dinner-party and cry, “ Success to the next insurrection in the West Indies.” Suppose they had so yielded to the suggestions of sympathy, and to the precepts and example of their republican ancestors, as to cheer the sentiment expressed by the conservative Southee, in his letter to Duppa :

“ There are scenes of tremendous horror which I could smile at by Merey’s side. An insurrection

which should make the negroes masters of the West Indies is one." *

Then indeed there might have been more pretence for calling them destructive and diabolical in spirit, though only the man who has himself renounced the right of self-defence can cast a reproach at them without hypocrisy. But while Abolitionists remain truly and diligently devoted to the principles of Liberty and Peace, they may safely commend their spirit to posterity as that of "Love and of power and of a sound mind."

* This extract of an unpublished letter, from Southey to Dupper, (Author of the life of Michael Angelo,) was given me by Mr. H. Crabb Robinson, the intimate friend of Southey, and of all that generation of eminent men, with permission to make any use of it I wished for the Anti-Slavery cause.

M. W. C.

Paris, May, 1850.

The Leaven of Liberty.

BY EPHRAIM NUTE, JR.

I WOULD appeal to that hope which I trust we all hold dear as friends of the Slave and associates in the sacred cause of justice and freedom ; the hope for the abolition of American Slavery ; for the universal reign of Liberty.

Why do we cherish this hope, so widely accounted as the dream of enthusiasm ? Why grows it stronger in our hearts day by day in the face of all opposition, notwithstanding every triumph of oppression ? Is it not because we believe in the power of that truth by which all tyranny of man over his brother stands condemned ? — because we believe in the spirit of Love which must, in its certain conquest, break all chains and abolish all oppression ? — because we believe in the Liberty for

which we contend as, under God, the inalienable birthright of every human being,—the condition necessary for man's highest development, service, and happiness, and therefore believe that in the sure progress of the race the spirit of Liberty shall so diffuse itself abroad, that all shall at last be induced to respect in others and maintain for themselves this universal prerogative as the sacred endowment and trust of God. From this creed we certainly have the encouragement for our hope, and are incited to toil on for its glorious consummation.

Now here appears for us an important practical lesson. This belief in which we ground our hope also indicates the method of its fulfilment, and thus directs us to that service in which we may labor hopefully.

The end we desire is to be accomplished by the diffusion of that truth and that spirit in which we place our confidence.

Our work then is to manifest that truth for the conviction of every mind ; to cultivate and impart

that spirit to all hearts within the sphere of our influence. These agencies are the necessary and effectual weapons of our warfare. Both of them are requisite, the spirit as well as the truth; the first is as important as the last. Yes, I would say, it is of more importance that we manifest the spirit of Love and Liberty, than all our verbal testimony and arguments for the truth. This is the most powerful of all arguments in the cause of freedom, the persuasion of a free and loving soul. There is in this a force of conviction that belongs to no array of words alone, however earnestly and eloquently they may be uttered. This fact needs to be continually urged and kept fresh in our minds, for it involves not only the most important but by far the most difficult part of our duty.

Who can say that he has thus far perfectly fulfilled it; that he has never for one moment been, by the temper of his mind, arrayed in opposition to the great principles for whose triumph we strive? Who that has labored in any cause by

which his whole soul has been earnestly engaged, when called to expose iniquity and stem opposition, has never had occasion to bewail the loss of his equanimity of mind and the violation of the kindly feelings which he would fain cherish toward every fellow creature.

It is not for us to recriminate our brethren for what may have appeared to us in our comparative coolness as the exercise of a bitter or tyrannous spirit, and least of all can we justify that opposition to the work of freedom based on the supposed errors of its present champions. It would ill become us to echo that complaint against the spirit and bearing of those who have thus far heroically borne the brunt of the contest, until we have shown by our own example how it is possible to stand in their lot and do their work without anything of that appearance of evil on which such censorious judgments are based.

Yet far more inconsistent and unmanly is the course of those who, while they make a forced

confession of interest in the cause, stand aside from all effort in its behalf with such sneering complaints as the excuse for their inaction. If this cause of the oppressed be indeed a good cause, the cause of justice and humanity, a part of God's service, how shall this apology, or any other, excuse any one from laying their hands to it heartily according to the light, the strength, and opportunity given.

But to return to the point I have immediately in view. This work is to be accomplished, I have said, by the diffusion of the spirit of Love and the spirit of Freedom.

There is a power of diffusion in these sentiments to give us the firm hope, yes, the sure pledge of their final triumph over all oppression.

The kingdom of Heaven, declared its great founder, is like unto leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened. Contained in this similitude of the Divine Teacher is the great principle for our direction, the heaven-sent watch-word for our encourage-

ment. Without a faith in this doctrine our feeble efforts for the overthrow of Slavery were to all human vision utterly hopeless.

So would all of Christianity have been in its first beginning had not this declaration been true of its principles and spirit, or had it not been believed by those first engaged in its service. In this trust a few humble men and women went forth and entered with good heart on that work whose aim was to transform the whole world, to regenerate the character, and mould the institutions of the whole race for ages to come. In the experience of their intercourse with Jesus they had found the confirmation of his promise. For, from this one life they had been leavened with the transforming inspiration of an earnest, self-denying love. Therefore had they perfect faith that in his spirit there was a power to warm and quicken with the same divine life the whole mass of the world's selfishness. The life which had been breathed into them by this agent, empowered of God for his new creation, they

knew it could never die out from the world, but must go from soul to soul in an unlimited transmission. They fixed their minds on the final triumph of truth and right, and, in the midst of an almost universal opposition, stood up to toil and plead and suffer with courage to the end. The same confidence should bear us up, the same principles give us direction for our Christian campaign against modern injustice and oppression. Love and thence Liberty must leaven the whole lump, though their manifestation be now so faint and small as almost to discourage us.

I have more faith in this method of emancipation than in all other measures and arguments that can be used. Not that we should neglect other measures. In as far as they promise to advance the cause these should receive our heart's support. The arguments against the institution of Slavery are certainly of power, because unquestionably based on that eternal truth, "next to God omnipotent." They should therefore be kept constantly

in the public ear and eye, by every kind of manifestation, by speech, public and private, sermon, lecture, song, and social converse, by the press liberally supported by talent, toil, and money.

Let the persuasion of love and justice be urged by all the eloquence that earnest interest and confidence in the truth can prompt. Such efforts must be accomplishing much to hasten the happy consummation of universal liberty.

But oh ! brothers and sisters in the family of Freedom, let us not in the midst of all other exertion even for one moment forget that the most sure and indispensable of all our agencies for the end we seek, is the spirit of Love and Liberty that we cherish in our own hearts ; that if we do maintain within us this living fire, it will shine out in word and act, silently diffusing itself from heart to heart as we move on in our daily path.

The principle of Love ; shall it not break all chains and banish all oppression as nothing else can ; — no policy of economy be it ever so manifest

or on a scale ever so large ; no calculation of selfish welfare for time or for eternity ;—no finger of scorn, though it be, as it now is almost literally felt to be, that of the whole civilized world ;—no condemnation, though it be as indeed it is, by the united testimony of the wise and good of every age and nation,—the undeniable condemnation of a just God ; not all other agencies combined have power to accomplish that work which shall be wrought by the constant influence of loving souls.

Nor let us ever forget to maintain in our own hearts the noble spirit of Liberty undimmed, unawed. Our lives should be the practical enforcement of a profound respect for this as the sacred right of every human soul.

In ourselves we are called to maintain it with devoted resolution as a holy trust. In others we must as sacredly do it reverence, recognising the seal of its divine authority.

We want the diffusion of a freedom-loving spirit to raise up new champions for the Slave.

This is all that is wanted to make some men and women earnest, efficient laborers for the cause. Without this no one can become such.

None but freemen in spirit can serve in this our enterprise of Liberty ; they who wear no chains of public opinion and conservative prejudice, who dare to set at nought all rules of fashion and wealth, and can defy the tyranny of popular frown or favor ; men and women who will be free in thought and speech to follow their own consciences whether they live or die. Such souls are ever wanted to lead on the glorious march in the world's progress, and never more than at the present crisis in the crusade against Slavery. A crusade ! let us indeed make this enterprise of Liberty, not merely by name and symbol, but baptising it in the faith and spirit of the cross. In this power shall we conquer.

“ They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak ;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,

Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think ;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

Scituate, October, 1849.

Mrs. Eliza Garnaut.

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS.

IT is seldom that our Benevolent Societies give any heed to the claims of the Slave, or of the colored sufferer. Surrounded by temptations too well known to Abolitionists to need mention, it is the rarest Anti-Slavery fidelity alone that opens their doors without regard to color. In the subject of the following sketch this noble impartiality was but the natural result of an Anti-Slavery fidelity that shrank from no trial, and of the most unselfish devotion. Those of us who knew her, feel it impossible to tell her worth, while the words which to us are tame and halting will be read by strangers as the usual exaggeration of an obituary. "When you recite the great deeds of brave men," says Sallust, "what the world thinks easily done, it believes;

all beyond is deemed fiction." I knew Mrs. Garnaut long and intimately, and although it has been my lot to know many rare and devoted men and women, can truthfully say, the sight of her daily life has enlarged my idea of the reach of human virtue. I am indebted to her for a new lesson of practical Christianity, and read now the instances of singular heroism and disinterestedness with anointed eyes.

Mrs. Garnaut was the second daughter of John and Ann Jones, and born at Swansea, Wales, on the eighth day of April, 1810. While she was at school near Bath, her parents died, leaving to her care an elder sister, then sinking in consumption, and a brother and three sisters younger than herself. To these she was father, mother, brother, and sister, watching over their interests and devoted to their welfare till years separated them to various fortunes. Subsequently she married Richard Garnaut, the son of a French emigrant, a mechanic of great taste and ability. They came immediately to America, and finally settled in Boston, where, not three years

after marriage, she lost her husband and eldest child. Left alone with her infant, in a strange land, without means, and with very few friends, she manifested the same energy and trustfulness, the same putting aside of all regard for her own comfort and profit, which made her last years so efficient and beautiful. After an interval, she connected herself with the Moral Reform Society of Boston, and labored in its cause for many years; and when worn out by the varied efforts which her restless benevolence added to the care and confinement of the office she held, became Matron of the Home, established in Albany Street, for the shelter of orphan and destitute children. Exhausted by watching over the two infants of a woman who had died of the cholera, with no hope of saving them, but with all the tenderness of a mother's love, she fell herself a victim to the disease, on Monday, the third of September, 1849.

This is the outline of a long life crowded into few years, whose every day was filled with more acts of

love and service to others, than most of even the devotedly benevolent are able or privileged to do in years.

The Societies with which she was connected were devoted to special objects; not so her heart. Her ceaseless activity made light of cares, which were enough for the whole strength and the whole twelve hours of others; and found leisure to seek out and relieve all kinds of distress. Hers was practical doing of good, and no service was too humble for her to perform. Children left in cellars by drunken parents, and brought to her so loathsome and diseased that other benevolent institutions, though rich in municipal bounty, refused to take them in, she received; not to give them to domestics, (she had none,) but to wash, tend, cure, and serve herself. Women and young persons for whom John Augustus could find no shelter elsewhere, he carried without a doubt to her; and in those many cases where a woman's influence and aid are indispensable, Mrs. Garnaut was his adviser and com-

panion. To the forsaken victim of seduction or temptation, she has again and again given up her own room and bed, hoping that, if under her eye, she could strengthen their faltering resolution, and give them back to reconciled families. Again and again deceived, she has gone on with loving patience, and been rewarded at last with abundant success. Women ruined by intemperance, and passing almost all their time in the House of Correction, fled to her for refuge from themselves ; and lived usefully and virtuously after struggles and falls which would have tired out any heart and any faith but hers. In hundreds of towns are little ones, whom her exertions have saved from utter neglect or the worse influence of abandoned parents, and provided with homes and instruction. Insane girls, for whom she has found one shelter after another, from which morbid suspicions would drive them, always came back to her and rested content while under her roof. The morning after her death it was pitiful to witness the bitter grief of homeless and friendless

less persons, gathered by the news, who felt that they had lost both parent and friend. She died watching over what all saw were the death-beds of children, stricken with a disease from which so many fled, and whose parents she had never seen ; and in this, her death was the exact type of a life given, so much of it, to those who from vice or extreme youth, could not repay her even with gratitude.

A young woman, she put aside all thoughts of insult, or danger to herself, in reaching any she sought to save. Strong in a good purpose, she entered fearlessly, alone, the most abandoned haunts of vice, ventured on ship-board at night, to snatch a victim from certain ruin, and, plain in speech, feared neither station nor wealth in her rebuke.

Wherever Mrs. Garnaut was, might be said to be the vanguard of benevolent effort. Was her Society devoted to children, still she could not shut her door to want, even in adults. The emigrant

who had neither acquaintances nor work, the criminal who needed aid, the fugitive Slave, the sick woman, were all sheltered, or visited, or provided for. Many years of devoted labor had made her known to a large circle of friendless beings, and in every new trouble they fled to her. While engaged in Moral Reform, she did as much for the intemperate, and gave her nights to sick chambers, where, save her unwearied love, none but the physician ever entered. Before the most loathsome disease, in the presence of the most resolute vice, neither her faith nor her love ever faltered. When others thought they had done enough, and gave up, she still persevered, forgiving seventy times seven ; and the poor wanderer seemed to feel there was one heart that would never be closed against her, and in every passing hour of virtuous resolution, sought her, with full assurance of sympathy and aid, like a child who knows that a mother will never cease to hope. Much doubtless was owing to manners, whose fascination was recognised by

every one who came within their influence. They were the fitting expression of a heart overflowing with love for every human being.

Her own means, the little presents to her child, the compensation paid her, were used to enable the Institution she controlled to go on ; and they were given away as freely as the funds specially committed to her for distribution. She never looked upon anything as her own. Dr. Follen has made a beautiful use of the sculpture of St. Martin sharing his cloak with a beggar. The emigrant, the intemperate woman just reformed, both too poorly clad to get places, the sick girl without friends or means, for whom this loving stranger has taken the shawl from her own shoulders, and the shoes from her own feet, could have pointed to a daily practice of the same love.

Her life was cheered with some testimonies of gratitude, and a thousand histories of touching interest lie buried in her grave. She was a child to the last in her undoubting faith, in her entire un-

consciousness of her own peculiar traits, and in the joyousness of her spirits. But though a child in her love and her unselfishness, she was profoundly alive to all the great questions of reform and social improvement. Endowed with good intellectual ability, sound practical sense, rare judgment, sagacity that few could deceive, she probed every case, and did, what she did, intelligently. Taken early from school, life had been her only education, and with no leisure for books, she had learned through her affections; and here, as our wisest statesman has said, "the heart was the best logician." She saw the right with the unerring intuition of a good heart. Neither sect, class, color, or country affected her feeling. In education, social re-organization, Anti-Slavery, the amelioration of punishments, the advancement of woman, she took a deep and intelligent interest, and felt how slight was the effect of all her toil on evils which grew from false principles. She had borne her protest against a corrupt Church by separating from it, and

in circumstances which would have been to most, a great temptation, always identified herself with the most radical and hated of Reformers.

Bereaved in so many of her relations, separated from her kindred, constantly in the presence of so much sickness and want, she was yet always young, the sunshine of any circle, enjoying life intensely, happy under all circumstances, full of health, her day perpetual gladness, as if the pathway had been as full of heaven as the heart that trod it.

We say of some, and very truly, that theirs is a Christian life; but it is very rare that, as in this case, the traits of any one are so unalloyed as actually to remind us of, to recall, the traits of the great Master. I never knew one so unconsciously penetrated with the thought that she "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." She was literally "careful for nothing," but like Luther's bird, rested all her interests on the Infinite Love, after which her own life and spirit were so closely copied.

The marked peculiarity of her character was this entire giving up of herself to others, and the beauty of her perfect unconsciousness of it. We see many unselfish, many disinterested, many devoted persons. But neither word, nor all combined, at all describe Mrs. Garnaut. What others do with effort, or, at most, from a sense of duty, in her seemed nature. Yet not the heedless generosity of childhood or sentiment, but the harmonious working of a nature which existed *only to serve others* as naturally as a tree grows. So utterly unconscious was she of this active and unceasing devotedness, that she neither seemed to think herself different from others, or to deem they ought to leave the usual way of the world to be like her.

She had that rare union, great tenderness and great firmness of character. Though her heart bled at the sight of wo, she yet faced and alleviated sufferings of the most horrid description with a spirit full of courage and hope.

She died, worn out, doing all her kind heart

dictated, and all the wretched needed, but more than one person's strength, or the means placed in her hands were sufficient for. She felt she had herself still to give, and died in the sacrifice. All this so feebly described, was the work of one young woman, left in a strange land, without means and without friends. Those who knew her have the joy of remembering that they did not entertain this angel unawares.

As was said of the good English Bishop,—
“ Surely the life of one like this ought not to be forgotten. I, who saw and heard so much of it, shall, I trust, never recollect it without being better for it. And if I can succeed in showing it so truly to the world that they also may be the better for it, I shall do them an acceptable service.”

The last Poet.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ANASTASIUS GRÜN.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

“ When will you, oh ye Poets,
Cease from your chanting long ;
And when be terminated
The old eternal song ;

“ Your horn of useless plenty
Be void of everything ;
And gathered all the blossoms,
Exhausted every spring ? ”

Long as the sun’s bright chariot
Moves through the azure sky,
While but a single countenance
Looks up thereto, on high ;

Long as the heavens breed tempests,
And thunder-bolts descend,
And their attendant horrors
The quivering bosom rend ;

While o'er the thunder's pathway
The sun his rainbow throws,
A bosom longs for comfort
And heavenly repose ;

So long as night, the heavens
Shall sow with starry seed ;
And while a single mortal
God's golden scroll can read ;

Long as the moon still glimmers,
A heart yet longs and lives,
And shade the rustling forest
To weary wanderers gives ;

Long as the spring brings greenness,
And roses shed their light ;

While cheeks with smiles are dimpled,
And eyes with joy are bright ;

While sepulchres are gloomy
With cypress growing by ;
So long as hearts are broken,
And a tear-drop dims the eye ;

So long on earth will sojourn
The god of sacred Song ;
By him inspired, rejoicing
The Poet move along ;

And singing and rejoicing
Through all the earth, you 'll find
That the last of all the Poets
Is the last of all mankind.

God's hand still holds creation,
The earth and moon and sun,
Like a fresh and opening blossom :
He smiles and looks thereon.

And when this giant posy
Shall bloom into decay,
And earth and glowing sun-spheres
As flower-dust pass away,

Then ask, if lust to question
Be still within you strong :—
If yet is terminated
The old eternal song ?

Boston, November, 1850.

The Second Reformation.

BY THOMAS T. STONE.

Now that the particular occasions and excitements of the Reformation in Germany have passed into history, there is little difficulty in detecting the central idea which, whether clearly or dimly, dwelled in the minds of Luther and his friends, and which the succeeding centuries have continued to develope. It is simply, freedom of soul to worship the omnipresent Being without either mediation or prescript of the Church. A great achievement in truth, the introduction of this principle into a Christendom converted to a Popedom! Blessed be God for the redemption!

But there is another form of tyranny, older than the Papacy, which Protestantism failed to discover, nay, which it has in some degree strengthened.

There are those who believe that, during some portions of the mediæval period, the Papal power served not unfrequently as a defence to the people, whose affections it possessed or sought, against the oppressions of monarchs and nobles, whose ambition went out into perpetual feuds and cruelties. And between the local kingdoms and the spiritual dominion ; between governments, such, for instance, as those of Britain, demanding exclusive possession of their own domain, and the Catholic fatherhood, endeavoring to pervade all with its influences, and to gather the most it could to its interests ; there sprung up a rivalry quite natural, not seldom leading to bitter conflicts. A kingdom laid under interdict of the Pope, was by no means soothing to the jealous pride, more than grateful to the timid devotion, of monarch or chieftain. On the other hand, the Church could take little satisfaction in seeing powerful men lay sacrilegious hands on her immense treasures, to enrich themselves or to sustain their wars. Nor in such separations and

rivalries was the Church ever despised as weak, or disregarded, as if she were either careless or imprudent. The time was, indeed, when the Church was more formidable to the State, than any King to the Pope. Between the secular interests of States, and religious discontents with the papal authority, there would be a natural affinity ; nay, those interests might easily excite discontent, and increase, even where they did not create, agitations against the Church. So early therefore as the life of Wickliffe, we find the strife to have been not a little that of conflicting privileges and interests ; and this Prophet of the Reformation is not more the preacher of a higher truth, than the defender of English claims and powers against the Papacy which was supposed to invade them. It is England against Rome, quite as much as Divine Truth against Human Falsehood. And when Luther finally achieved the dismemberment of the ancient Church, the new spiritual development, instead of unfolding itself freely and spontaneously, according

to its own natural laws, is at once connected with the guardianship of the State and swathed about with political as well as theological bands. In England, we all know, the Reformed Church simply passed from the dominion of the Pope to the supremacy of the Sovereign ; nursed by such fathers as Henry the Eighth, and such mothers as Elizabeth, and growing as it could under their protection, and with the nutriment which they furnished or allowed. Nor do we find that the primary quarrel even of the Puritans was with the Kingly element in the Church, but with the Papal. In their terrible appeal at last to the arbitrement of the sword, a Stuart might have remained without dispute, it would seem, Head of the Church, but that Charles suffered or encouraged ceremonies and institutions deemed identical with the supposed idolatries of a Popery not yet extinct. The fathers of New England themselves were disloyal, not to the King in London, but to the Pope at Rome ; and if they sympathised with the Commonwealth or the Pro-

tector, it was rather that so they escaped the taint of Catholic idolatry, than that they gained exemption from despotism impersonated in the fallen monarch. So has it been since ; and through the successive conflicts and revolutions whether of Europe or of America, the tyranny of civil institutions, legal, aristocratical, republican, has still survived ; forever attaching to itself the strong sentiments of loyalty, sometimes corroborating and consecrating them by the authority or the attractions of religion. The American Papacy is the Federal Government.

Now it is by no means to be supposed that Luther ever objected to the existence of a Bishop at Rome, preaching there the doctrines of Jesus Christ, and watching with paternal care over the souls he would inspire with living faith and universal charity. Nor more could he be opposed to any interest, however broad, which this Preacher might take in the diffusion of the Divine Light and Spirit over the whole earth. But that with the title of Father, he should be Tyrant, of Christendom ; that in the

name of Christ, he should virtually banish the true Christ ; that through authority as of God, he should discourage true worship and establish false worship ; that, in a word, he should desecrate Christianity, while standing as representative and head of its infallible Church ; this might well have roused the indignation even of gentler spirits than his, and filled with sorrow hearts touched with divinest love and holiest aspirations. So the controversy was not with the Christian Father, but with the Unchristian Idolater.

In these facts we may perceive a double parallelism of the Second Reformation with the First. This quarrels not with King or Queen in England, with Emperor in Russia, with Commonwealth in the United States. But it does contend with Sovereign, and Noble, and Republic, claiming the authority those names involve, without fulfilling the duty ; affirming supremacy, without performing service ; exacting submission, without deserving either reverence or love ; and, instead of doing and

sustaining justice, upholding injustice by regal or parliamentary statute, to the extent even of punishing kindness and mercy with fine or imprisonment. Political Popery is not more innocent than ecclesiastical ; and devout loyalty is of no stronger obligation than loyal devotion. I would as lief obey Pius the Ninth as Queen Victoria ; I can submit as cheerfully to the mandates of the one or the other of them, as to those of Millard Fillmore approving an enactment of the majority of Senators and Representatives assembled in an American Congress. Individually, these several persons are entitled to just the respect their characters deserve ; officially, they represent the laws and statutes they promulgate and enforce, and are entitled to just the estimate which Truth and Justice may put on those statutes and laws. We owe no reverence, no loyalty, either to legislator or law, either to Pope, or King, or Democracy, when these are void of spiritual grandeur, and, for true beauty, deformed and monstrous. Sin looks but uglier, the larger it grows.

What the First Reformation achieved in the Popedom of the Church, that the Second is destined to achieve in the Popedom of the State. It makes one wonder to hear so much from Americans, of the Divine Authority of Political Institutions. It seems strange, that sons of sires who were traitors and rebels to the Government they had acknowledged so long, should so soon revert to the old doctrines of absolute authority and unquestioning obedience. Really, however, it may not be so strange as it seems. Actual oppression suspended the activity of those sentiments which attached the fathers to their ancestral government, and aroused the energies of mingled self-interest and revenge, which slept not till they had severed the bonds of foreign dependence. Then in a newly framed Confederation, the older sentiments, as they revive, for so they must, seek and secure a Constitution to which they transfer their loyalty. So far, it is not ill. But then it is quite possible the new institutions may contain vicious elements;

and it is equally possible, that they may demand submission, — at least, that statesmen and theologians may demand submission in their behalf, on the ground of religious obligation. To pass by the first, we see that this last is continually done. Our fathers of the Revolution were not more earnest and frequent in the endeavor to evade what was pleaded as divine commandment for submission to existing dominions, than are their sons in recalling themselves and others to the same authority ; — the powers that be, are ordained of God.

Really what is the vitiating element in the Papacy ? Not its doctrine, not its ritual, not its organization, nothing of this ; these might be good, or might be bad, but they are not the radical principle. That is assumption of divine authority to which men are religiously bound to submit. Take this assumption out of the Roman Church ; and it may have many other errors, but the root of its evil is removed. The Second Reformation shall expose the falseness of the same claim in behalf of politi-

cal institutions. Grant them of divine origin or ordinance ; yet never, certainly, more divine than the individual man. But no individual man may rise up among his brethren, and say, " Because I am created of God, my existence derived of him, and itself his ordinance, therefore accept my word as decisive ; the authority which God has given me, acknowledge and obey, or else reject and disobey God." Each might at once say, " I confess your premises, but deny your conclusion. Created and ordained of God, I acknowledge you ; but the Creator is not responsible for your sins, your errors, your extravagances. I am as truly of God as you ; but neither in you nor in me is there aught authoritative other than the Divinity of Truth and Rectitude." So should we say to the individual. So Protestantism has taught us to say to the Church. So must a broader Protestantism teach us to say to all Power. For one, I have a greater reverence of the historical Church than of any civil government, past or present, which has come into existence on

earth ; but I rejoice that a claim of the Church, so preposterous and vitiating, has been questioned and so far annulled. The like preposterous and vitiating claim in behalf of the State, it is high time to explode ; and, perhaps, it were best exploded through and amidst loud peals of laughter. Knight Errantry had certainly fallen into nothing more ridiculous, when Cervantes laughed it to its grave, than the silly knighthood of our day, so thankfully in words and grimaces, — cunning enough meantime for secret contempt, — accepting the religious encouragements, the theological absurdities, by which grave divines deify the powers of government, and invoke men for conscience sake to set conscience at nought.

Government is divine. Let this stand as the immutable fact. Let it be affirmed with voice and pen, with word and deed. Let it assert itself, that none shall be able to deny or even question. Therefore, let Government be really, not verbally, divine ; just so far as it is divine, be it confessed

true, lawful, authoritative government, in whose presence we cannot choose but cover our faces in reverent silence, and go forth to do the bidding of even its stillest voice ; but just so far as undivine, be it denounced as false, unlawful, void of authority, as usurpation and tyranny, as organization and action of demons, before which we stand in calm and determined disobedience ; in proportion as we love and obey Government which is divine, bidding defiance to the undivine, putting on itself the robes, and assuming the names, and professing by its touch the functions of Government.

Just so far as men have ever felt sincerely the wrong of existing institutions, a blessed instinct, even when they cannot interpret it, has urged them to act according to this principle ; to appeal from statute to justice, from power to truth, from the state to the soul, from men to man, from dead words to living spirit. Yet when it is all over, they understand so little what they have done, that they go forthwith to hardening the elements of their

own victories, into systems, which the same instinct will soon be compelled to dissolve. The want is of unqualified obedience to the spirit. If, as we have said, Government, truly such, is divine, then the divine in it must be suffered to flow without restraint forever, and, as the human incrusterations are broken or loosed by the tide, we must simply—let them go. God does not need us to prop up usurpation and tyranny, for the sake of supporting what can never fail so long as he is suffered to enter and to live in the deeds and the societies of men. Simple as the thought is, scarcely recognized, it may be, when confessed as true, it yet contains in it the germ of human regeneration and perfection. It overlooks nothing; much less does it despise anything; but through all,—through nature and man, through history and the soul, through the Scriptures and all books, through changes in society and the methods of education and discipline,—it searches out the everlasting elements and laws of Divine Government; and put-

ting aside all shows and pretences, its silent voice forever is " Apart from these illusions, I would live in thee, Spirit, as I live from thee and to thee ; knowing no master, obedient only and wholly to thy heavenly vision."

Salem, November, 1850.

Le Fils d'un Planteur.

PAR MADAME BELLOC.

JE suis née dans un port de mer qui entretenait de fréquentes et amicales relations de commerce avec les Etats Unis ; aussi au nom de l' Amérique se rattachent quelques uns des plus riants souvenirs de mon enfance.

Une voile venait elle à poindre à l' horizon sur la ligne indécise qui sépare le bleu de la mer de l' azur du ciel, c'était un navire apportant de nombreux échantillons des richesses de cette terre promise. Parmi les chargements de sucre et de coton expédiés au négociant, se glissaient toujours à l'adresse de la famille quelques raretés qui jetaient les enfants dans des transports de joie. C'étaient la grosse canne noueuse encore pleine du sirop doux, appelé jadis le miel des roseaux : suc

exquis dont on fait les pralines, les sucres d'orge et toutes les friandises, régal des marmots ; puis, les gigantesques ananas, confits et emprisonnés dans des barils qu'on ouvrait avec solennité, au milieu d'un cercle de spectateurs ravis ; et les noix de coco hérisées d'étoipes et façonnées à leur extrémité inférieure en tête de singe, qu'il fallait, comme les dragons des contes de fée, attaquer de front et percer sans miséricorde pour arriver au trésor de lait frais et délicat que recélait la coque, et dont ces grimaçantes figures étaient les fantastiques gardiens. Parfois un perroquet, au plumage chatoyant, venait réaliser la merveilleuse fiction de "l'oiseau qui parle." Alors on n'avait pas assez d'yeux et d'oreilles pour admirer ces surprenantes nouveautés.

On racontait de plus que dans ce pays de bénédiction la terre qui produisait presque sans culture appartenait au premier occupant assez aventureux pour planter sa tente sur la lisière d'une forêt vierge, et assez industrieux pour défricher et

ensemencer le terrain qu'il avait conquis. Défrayé par la chasse et la pêche en attendant sa récolte, il explorait ses domaines au gré de son caprice. Ce tableau de la vie du pionnier Américain où se dessinaient sur le premier plan les mugissantes cataractes du Niagara qu'encadraient les grands lacs, les montagnes rocheuses et les vastes régions de l'Ouest, m'apparaissait plein de charme. Ce n'était ni l'île déserte de Robinson Crusoé, ni l'habitation monotone des villes, mais un retour vers l'Eden, un second Paradis terrestre, où l'homme, roi de la création, imposait ses lois sans contrôle aux animaux, au sol, à toute cette riche et féconde nature. Les sauvages mêmes n'y gâtaient rien. Leurs approches furtives, leur effrayante apparition composaient le drame émouvant de cette vie poétique ; ombre qui faisait valoir les clairs.

De temps à autre la visite d'un Américain venait accroître mon enthousiasme. J'écoutais avec admiration ses véhémentes sorties contre le servage

de notre vieille Europe courbée sous le joug des monarchies, ses dithyrambes sur la Liberté, dont le nouveau monde était le berceau. Là se levait l'aube du jour qui devait éclairer notre nuit. Sur cette heureuse terre il y avait place pour tous au soleil. Le tyran et l'esclave en étaient seuls bannis ! Hélas, je le croyais.

Or, il advint qu'un jour un riche planteur de la Géorgie débarqua dans le port. Il venait demander au climat de la France et aux lumières de la médecine, un remède contre le mal qui affligeait son fils unique. Cet enfant, agé de treize ans, ne paraissait pas en avoir dix. Un mois après sa naissance qui avait coûté la vie à sa mère, il avait été saisi d'horribles convulsions. Elles lui revenaient par accès de plus en plus fréquents. Elles contournaient ses membres et bouleversaient ses traits. Appitoyée par le récit de ses souffrances, je m'efforçais de l'en distraire tandis que mon père faisait à l'étranger, qui lui était recommandé, les honneurs du pays. Mais le petit créole opposait à

mes affectueuses tentatives une humeur taciturne et une indifférence sournoise. A peine me répondait il.

“ Que je m'ennuie !” s'écria t-il enfin. “ Je savais bien que je ne pourrais jamais me passer de Sammy !”

“ Et qui est Sammy ?” demandai je, imaginant qu'il regrettait un ami, un camarade de jeu.

“ Celui qui me portait,” répondit il d'un ton maussade, “ je m'amusais à le faire trotter, galoper. Quelquefois il faisait le rétif et se câbrait, mais un bon coup d'éperon et de cravache l'avait bien vite corrigé, et il se remettait à courir, bon gre mal gré, jusqu'à ce qu'il tombât.”

“ Fi ! vous aviez bien le cœur de traiter ainsi un pauvre cheval !”

Il partit d'un long et bruyant éclat de rire.

“ Un cheval ! ah, que non pas ! Ce n'était qu'un *nigger*, un petit noir que papa m'avait donné pour en faire ce que je voudrais, et j'en avais fait mon *poney*.”

Prenant ma stupéfaction pour un doute, il ajouta,
“ ah ! je l'avais bien dressé. Il avait un mors et
une bride tout comme un vrai cheval.”

J'éprouvais une horreur profonde pour ce tyran-
neau dont la difforme et chétive enveloppe était
encore moins laide que son âme. Soit qu'il lût
cette expression sur mon visage, soit qu'il sentît le
besoin de justifier sa barbarie :

“ J'avais bien le droit de le maltrai^{ter},” dit il,
“ car sa mère, qui avait été achetée exprès pour
être ma nourrice, m'avait laissé tout petit exposé
dans un courant d'air pour courir à son affreux
mauricaud qui crieait. Les médecins croient que ce
premier refroidissement a été la cause du mal dont
je ne guérirai peut-être jamais. Aussi, pour
lui apprendre papa l'a fait mettre au piquet, l'a
fait fouetter, et lui a ôté son fils. Et c'était juste.”

J'écoutais avec épouvante. Je venais de fran-
chir d'un bond tous les degrés intermédiaires de
l'esclavage. Une créature humaine achetée à prix
d'argent, coupable d'avoir obéi au plus impérieux

devoir, à l'amour maternel, pouvait être impunément fustigée, privée de son enfant, traitée en bête de somme, et cela au nom de la justice ! Combien d'exécrables exemples, de détestables abus de la force, n'avait il pas fallu pour fausser à ce point une jeune conscience !

Lancé sur cette piste le petit louveteau ne s'arrêta plus. Il semblait qu'il flairât encore sa proie.

“ Que je voudrais, donc, tenir Sammy ! ” s'écria t-il avec un ricanement haineux qui mit à nu ses longues dents blanches.

“ N'imaginez pas qu'ici on vous le laissât brider et mener à coups d'éperon et de cravache,” repris-je.

“ Bah ! si je n'en pouvais faire mon poney, j'en ferais mon chien couchant. Je le dresserais à chercher et à rapporter.”

“ Et pourquoi votre père vous a t-il privé d'un si noble passe-temps et d' un joujou qui offrait tant de ressources ? ” dis-je avec amertume.

“ Parceque le drôle s’était vanté qu’une fois en France il prendrait la clef des champs et ne pourrait plus être repris et puni comme nègre marron.”

A ce moment le planteur rentrait avec mon père.

“ Convenez,” disait il, “ que vos loix Françaises ne peuvent entrer en parallèle avec nos libres institutions, protectrices du bon droit de chacun et de la liberté de tous.”

Je faillis lui jeter à la face ce que je venais d’entendre. L’hypocrite patriotisme du père était le digne pendant de la brutale cruauté du fils.

De ce jour les Etats Unis perdirent à mes yeux leur prestige. Je ne vis plus ce sol fertile qu’arrosé du sang et des larmes de toute une population d’esclaves. Qu’importe si parmi les propriétaires, cette race de tigres fait exception ? La flétrissure n’en est pas moins profonde, la plaie pas moins saignante. Qu’importe même que les états du Nord aient repudié l’esclavage, s’ils l’approuvent et le tolèrent dans les états du Sud.

“ Le respect de la Constitution, du Commerce,

le maintien de l' Union Nationale, sont autant de liens sacrés qui enchaînent notre bon vouloir," plaident les Judas de cette cause sainte. Mais il s'est trouvé de nobles cœurs pour protester contre ces pretendues entraves ; des voix éloquentes ont retenti d'une rive à l'autre de l' Atlantique. Aux intérêts matériels elles ont opposé les intérêts divins, aux lois d'un jour les lois éternelles et immuables.

Les femmes ne sont pas demeurées en arrière dans cette généreuse croisade. En Amérique où le pays réclame tout l' homme, elles ont plus qu' ailleurs le droit d'initiative dès qu' il s'agit de pitié, de charité. Affrontant courageusement le blâme et la réprobation qui s'attachaient aux premiers et difficiles efforts tentés en faveur de l' abolition, elles s' y sont dévouées de cœur et d' intelligence. Elles ont prêté à l' affranchissement des esclaves leur plus actif concours. Travaux, écrits, argent, chaleureuse propagande, rien n'y a été épargné. Elles ont fait de ce grand but la pensée de leurs

jours, le rêve de leurs nuits. Leur profonde conviction a gagné au proche et au loin. Elles en ont appelé aux sympathies de l'Europe, et l'Europe toute entière leur a répondu, "Courage ! encore quelques pas et vous êtes au terme !"

Paris, Juin, 1850.

The Planter's Son.

BY MADAME BELLOC.

I WAS born in a seaport which had frequent and friendly commercial relations with the United States. With the name of America, too, are connected some of the most smiling memories of my childhood.

Was a sail faintly discerned upon the horizon, on that shadowy line that divides the blue of the sea from the azure of the sky, it was a vessel bearing to us many a specimen of the riches of that promised land. Among the cargoes of sugar or of cotton consigned to the merchant, some rarities were always slipped in, directed to the family, which threw the children into transports of joy. There was the thick knotty cane, yet full of the sweet syrup, called of old "the honey of the reeds," a

delicious juice, of which sugared almonds, barley sugar, and all the sweet-meats, — the little childrens' feast — were made ; then there were the gigantic ananas, preserved, and imprisoned in barrels, which were opened with due solemnity in the midst of a circle of ravished spectators, and the cocoanuts shaggy in their coats of flax, and shaped at the lower end into monkeys' heads, which we had to attack in front, as if they had been so many dragons of fairy lore, and to transfix without, merely in order to reach the treasure of fresh and delicate milk of which these grinning figures were the fantastic guardians. Sometimes a parroquet of brilliant plumage arrived to realize the wondrous story of "the talking bird." At those times, eyes and ears were wanting to admire enough these astounding marvels.

We were told, besides, that in that blessed land the soil which yielded its returns almost without culture, belonged to the first occupant who was adventurous enough to pitch his tent on the borders

of the virgin forest, and industrious enough to clear and plant the ground he had won. Subsisting by hunting and fishing until his harvest was ripe, he explored his new domains as his fancy guided him. This picture of the life of an American pioneer, where the roaring cataracts of Niagara were sketched in the foreground, relieved by the great Lakes, the Rocky Mountains, and the vast regions of the West, in the distance, was full of attraction to me. It was not the desert island of Robinson Crusoe, nor the monotonous life of cities, but a return towards Eden, a second terrestrial Paradise, where man, king of creation, gave law without restraint to the animals, to the soil, to all this rich and abounding nature. The very savages were no injury to the drama. Their stealthy approach, their dreadful apparition, furnished the agitating scenes of this poetic life, — shadows which made the lights the more brilliant.

Now and then the visit of an American occurred to add to my enthusiasm. I heard with admiration

his earnest sallies against the servitude of our antiquated Europe, bowed down beneath the yoke of monarchies, his dithyrambics in praise of Liberty, of which the new world was the cradle. There was breaking the dawn of that day which was to illuminate our night. Upon this blessed land there was room for all beneath the sun. The tyrant and the Slave only were banished thence ! Alas, I believed it all.

Now it fell out that a rich planter from Georgia landed one day at the port. He came to seek from the climate of France, and from the lights of medicine, a remedy for the disease under which his only son was suffering. This child, though thirteen years old, did not seem to be more than ten. A month after his birth, which had cost his mother her life, he had been seized with horrible convulsions. The fits became more and more frequent. They twisted his limbs and distorted his features. Moved with pity by the tale of his sufferings, I did my best to divert him while my father

was doing the honors of the country to his, who had brought letters of introduction to him. But the little Creole met my affectionate endeavors with silent discontent and sullen indifference. He scarcely made me any answer.

"How tired I am!" he exclaimed at last, "I knew that I could never get along without Sammy!"

"And who is Sammy?" I asked, supposing he was regretting a friend, a play-fellow.

"He was my bearer," he replied in a dull tone, "and I used to amuse myself by making him trot and gallop. Sometimes he would be restive and rear up; but a good thrust of the spur and a smart touch of the riding-stick, soon broke him of it, and he would have to set out and run, whether he liked it or not, until he tumbled down."

"Fie! how could you have the heart to treat a poor horse so?"

He burst into a long and loud fit of laughter.

"A horse! Ah! no indeed. It was only a

nigger, a little black that papa had given me to do what I pleased with, and I made him my pony."

Mistaking my stupefaction for doubt, he added, "ah! I had broken him well. He had a bit and bridle just like a real horse."

I felt a deep disgust at this little tyrant whose deformed and mean outside was even less ugly than his soul. Either reading this expression in my face, or feeling obliged to excuse his barbarity, he said :

"I had a good right to ill-treat him, for his mother, who had been bought expressly for my nurse, left me when I was a little baby, exposed to a draught of air, to run to her ugly brown whelp when it cried. The doctors think that this first chill was the cause of the disease of which I shall perhaps never get well. Besides, to teach her better, papa had her tied up and flogged, and took her son away from her. And it served her right."

I listened with horror. I had just cleared at a bound all the intermediate degrees of Slavery. A

human creature, bought with money, guilty of having obeyed the most imperative of duties, even a mother's love, could be beaten with impunity, robbed of her child, treated like a beast of burden, and all this in the name of justice ! How many execrable examples, how many detestable abuses of power, must it have taken to deprave a young conscience to such a degree ?

Once put upon this scent, the little wolf-cub restrained himself no farther. It seemed as if he still snuffed his prey.

“ How I wish, now, I had Sammy ! ” he exclaimed with a hateful sneer, which laid bare his long white teeth.

“ Do n't imagine that you would be allowed to bridle him and drive him with spur and riding-stick here,” I replied.

“ Bah ! If I could n't make him my pony, I could make him my setter-dog. I would teach him to fetch and to carry.”

"And why did your father deprive you of so noble a pastime, and of a plaything that afforded you so many resources?" said I, bitterly.

"Because the funny fellow bragged that once in France he could make his escape and could not be taken and punished as a runaway negro."

At this moment the planter returned with my father.

"Confess," said he, "that your French laws cannot be compared with our free institutions, which guard the just rights of each individual, and the liberty of the whole body."

I came near casting in his teeth what I had just heard. The hypocritical patriotism of the father was a fit pendant to the brutal cruelty of the son.

From that day the United States lost their *prestige* in my eyes. Thenceforth that fertile soil seemed to me as if watered with the blood and the tears of a whole people of Slaves. What matters it that among that race of tigers, the Slave-owners, there may be here and there an exception? The

stain is none the less deep, the wound bleeds none the less. What matters it, even, that the Northern States have repudiated Slavery, if they countenance and endure it in the Southern States?

“Regard for the Constitution, for Commerce, the preservation of the National Union are so many sacred ties which restrain our good wishes,” urge the Judases of this holy cause. But noble hearts have been found to protest against these pretended fetters; eloquent voices have resounded from one shore of the Atlantic to the other. Against the weight of material interests, they urge interests that are divine; against the obligation of the laws of a day, they bring that of laws which are eternal and unchangeable.

The women, too, have not been the last to undertake this generous crusade. In America, where the development of the country claims all the energies of the men, they have more than elsewhere the right of taking the initiative in matters where pity or charity are in question. Meeting courageously

Our Southern Brethren.

BY CHARLES K. WHIPPLE.

“IT is wise to learn, even from our enemies.”

The religious and political newspapers which we call (and justly call) pro-slavery, agree in the assertion that we, the Abolitionists, have been unreasonable and unjust towards the people of the South. It is true that their judgment by itself ought not to weigh much in the matter ; but since that judgment is corroborated by the opinions of very many sensible persons who, looking at the subject for the first time, ought perhaps to be supposed unprejudiced, the charge seems to call for our serious examination.

I have endeavored to give it such an examination. And I am constrained to believe and to declare that we *have* been wanting in consideration,

in kindness, and even in justice, towards our brethren of the South, and that we have overlooked, or treated with too slight regard, the following undeniable truths :

I. They are our fellow-men, equal sharers in our common humanity. However faulty their conduct in some respects, they are not to be harshly judged, without reference to the social and political relations, the prejudices of education, and even the pecuniary interests under which they live. We do not make sufficient allowance for their feelings as husbands and fathers, laboring under the apprehension of danger to their families as well as themselves, for their claims upon us as men suffering under a curse which has been entailed upon them through a series of generations, and which they have not yet succeeded in throwing off. Above all, we do not practice towards them the injunctions of the Golden Rule, nor yield to them a tythe either of the sympathy or the aid which we should

desire, and think it right to ask from them, were our situations reversed.

II. The Southerners are our countrymen. Many people appear to disregard this tie, but it seems to me that our birth and education upon the soil and under the institutions of one common country give them a just claim upon us for sympathy and aid, which is not diminished by the varying customs and usages of the different portions of that country in which we respectively live. Not diminished, do I say? If any peculiar circumstances entail a great evil, "a curse," upon particular portions of our country, *especial* obligations call upon those not thus afflicted, for their sympathy and aid in the endurance or removal of it.

III. Many of our Southern brethren are Christians. Such, I think, must be the judgment of charity in regard to them. If the preaching of the Gospel in their section of the country is beset with peculiar difficulties, this fact should have great weight, not only in abating any unfavorable judg-

ment of them which we may be tempted to form, but in producing a patient endurance of such of their faults as spring from this cause. To whom much is not given, of them much should not be required. If these are *weak* brethren, Christianity demands that we bear a portion of their burden, and thus fulfil the law of Christ.

IV. The recent Fugitive Slave Law has brought up, and will continue to bring up, new points in our relation to our brethren of the South. Some of them who have recently been in Boston have not only failed in effecting the purpose for which they came, and met with less than the cordiality to which all the above-mentioned bonds of alliance entitle them, but have felt so insecure here as to be obliged to leave the city. If we consider what it is to be stripped of property and rights to which we consider ourselves as having a just claim, we may begin to realize the effect which our indifference and supineness must have upon these brethren. Our brotherhood should be shown by prompt, and

timely, and efficient action. The friend in need is the real friend.

I repeat it. We have been criminally lukewarm and indifferent in relation to the necessities of our Southern brethren, the Slaves. Their claims arising from our common humanity, from their birth and education on the same soil with ourselves, from their Christian brotherhood, and from the new measures of oppression recently brought to bear upon them, do not impress us with such vivid reality, do not urge us to such prompt and active exertion as if our brother or our sister by blood were in the same circumstances; we do not feel, and think, and speak, and *act* for those in bonds *as bound with them*; the atrocious "Fugitive Slave Bill," which might well be called an act for the suppression of liberty, justice and humanity, does not arouse us to half the depth of feeling and vigor of action which the comparatively trivial stamp-act and tea-tax awoke in our revolutionary fathers.

The *action* to which an awakened fraternal feel-

ing would stimulate us, will differ with the various powers and opportunities of different individuals. But so much as this at least we can *all* do. Sign and circulate suitable petitions to the State and National authorities; speak everywhere against the horrible system which reduces our brothers and our sisters to the condition of brutes, and speak with especial emphasis against the last and most horrible manifestation of it; make it plain to all around us that we have no more respect for iniquity *after* it has become a law than before, and that our allegiance to the higher law of God's justice is not in the least impaired by the enactment of opposing human statutes; hold ourselves in readiness to welcome, assist, and *protect* the hunted fugitive, and to throw every possible obstruction, not inconsistent with that higher law, in the way of the inhuman hunter; and, finally, withdraw our countenance and support from those clergymen and churches, and those politicians and parties, which shrink from taking a similar position upon this most important of the

civil and religious aspects of our nation. Thus only can we clear ourselves of the reproach of injustice to our Southern brethren.

As to our *white* brethren of the South—the Slaveholders—more and more evidence is constantly accumulating to show that our course in relation to them has been judicious and effective. Our first duty towards brethren in the wrong is to show them their error; and such a blessing has attended our missionary labors that they are rapidly “coming to a sense of their situation.” The first step in the process of conversion is to be “convicted of sin,” and never were so many and such powerful agencies at work upon our Southern white brethren to that end as at this moment. We have only to persevere in sowing the seed of truth among the stony consciences of both North and South, and to use increased vigilance in seizing the favorable occasions for this purpose, and ere long we shall convince the nation—not that Slavery is wrong—a truth already obvious to the meanest capacity—

but that it is *so* wrong as to be already intolerable, and that their efforts should be united with ours in awaking a moral sentiment throughout the land, which shall speedily render it impossible.

Boston, November, 1850.

Translation from the Persian of Nisami.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

WORD AND DEED.

WHILST roses bloomed along the plain,
The Nightingale to the Falcon said,
“ Why of all birds must thou be dumb ?
With closed mouth thou utterest,
Though dying, no last word to man :
Yet sit’st thou on the hand of caliphs,
And feedest on the grouse’s breast ;
Whilst I, who hundred thousand jewels
Squander in a single tone,
Lo ! I feed myself with worms,
And my dwelling is a thorn.”
The Falcon answered, “ Be all ear :
Thou seest I ’m dumb ; be thou, too, dumb.

I, experienced in affairs,
See fifty things, say never one.
But thee the people prizes not,
Who, doing nothing, say a hundred.
To me, appointed to the chase,
The king's hand gives the grouse's breast,
Whilst a chatterer like thee
Must gnaw worms in the thorns. Farewell ! ”

Servile Insurrections.

BY EDMUND JACKSON.

IT is not easy to estimate with any degree of certainty, the danger of insurrection in a community where Slavery prevails, and more especially where the Slave population is about equal to that of the white inhabitants;— nor can we feel very certain of the ultimate result of a conflict between the white and black races in the Slave States, should it become general, where the population is pretty equally divided between the free and the enslaved. Setting aside the chapter of accidents, to which any such contest is peculiarly liable, there are circumstances in the character and condition of the combatants which would operate in such a struggle, the force and influence of which

it is not easy to calculate with any degree of certainty; nor are we able to draw from those whose opportunities should constitute them the best judges in the matter, any reliable or definite conclusions. At one time when it suits the immediate object in view, we hear southern members of Congress eloquently deprecating anything and everything, which, in their distempered imagination, they choose to consider as exciting to insurrection, and to pronounce the utter ruin and depopulation of the South, should any serious conflict occur between the races. And, on the other hand, when the power and prosperity of the South is to be magnified for some sinister purpose, the idea of a successful servile insurrection, or any outbreak at all, among the contented and happy Slaves, is scouted as absurd and preposterous to the last degree.

Of course we cannot place any reliance upon such contradictory testimony from one and the same witness, but must, as in other mooted cases,

consider actions as the more correct test, and rely upon facts, however few and insufficient, rather than heated declamation put forth to serve other ends than those of truth in the premises.

It was my fortune, or fate, to be in Charleston during the *quasi* insurrection of 1822, and certainly the scenes I witnessed, and the declarations of the impending danger that met us, at all times and on all occasions, forced the conviction that never were an entire people more thoroughly alarmed or more seriously affected by their fears, than were the people of Charleston at that time, and in view of such an event. No actual outbreak or overt act on the part of the blacks, however, occurred, and we had our doubts then, which after events and circumstances strengthened, that any insurrection was impending or seriously designed on the part of the accused negroes. But the city authorities and the people universally thought otherwise, and acted in accordance with their faith

in the matter ; for they arrested, according to rumor, some two or three hundred, and according to verity, hung about forty ; and in proportion to their fear of the impending danger, so was their gratulation at so *cheap* an escape from it.

During the excitement and the trial of the supposed conspirators, rumor proclaimed all (and doubtless more than all) the horrors of the plot. The city was to be fired in every quarter, the arsenal in the immediate vicinity was to be broken open and the arms distributed to the insurgents, and a universal massacre of the white inhabitants to take place. Nor did there seem to be any doubt in the minds of the people that such would actually have been the result, had not the plot fortunately been detected before the time appointed for the outbreak. It was believed, as a matter of course, that every black in the city would join in the insurrection, and that, if the original design had been attempted and the city taken by surprise,

the negroes would have achieved a complete and easy victory. Nor does it seem at all impossible that such might have been or yet may be the case, if any well arranged and resolute rising should take place.

The scenes I then witnessed impressed me with the opinion that the Slaveholders do actually believe in the liability of insurrection, live in the fear, greater or less according to circumstances, of an outbreak, and do think that under favoring influences, an insurrection of the Slaves may prove successful to an extent which would appall the stoutest, and involve a sacrifice of life and property to a terrible extent.

What, then, is the safety-valve to be relied on to prevent the calamities to which at any and all times the Slave States are liable, which excite more or less the fears of the mass, and demand perpetual watchfulness to guard against and prevent? What *is* relied upon is sufficiently apparent. The law of force and terror — to

shroud the intellect of the Slave in darkness—to shut out, if possible, and intercept every ray of light from his mental vision,—to degrade and brutify him. Such is the settled policy of the Slaveholder, and the means to effect it are in conformity with this idea. But will this policy ensure safety? Will it answer the purpose? Experience answers in the negative.

Knowledge will spread in spite of human enactments, and barbarous laws are continually becoming more difficult to execute, more easily evaded, until they cease to have any effective vitality and become a dead letter on the Statute Books. And there is no remedy. A violation of law involves the appropriate penalty. Slave insurrections, and the terrible fears they excite, are, like all the other complicated and horrible evils that grow out of this system, but the inevitable adjuncts of Slavery, not to be evaded, overcome, or got rid of by any force or any ingenuity that the power or wit of man can exercise or devise, but must all continue while the

system lasts. And who can say, but that through the exodus of repeated Slave insurrections, the oppressed are destined by inscrutable laws, eventually to secure their freedom ?

Boston, November, 1850.

The Changes.

BY JAMES RICHARDSON, JR.

I.

It needs no Seer's eye to see,
No Prophet's tongue to tell,
The changes which the mystic breast
Of the great future swell.
Already, from the radiant skies,
O'er all the joyful earth,
Gleam forth the bright and cheering signs
Of a new and holier Birth.
Glad voices fill the sounding air
With loud exulting glee,
And words with mighty meaning fraught
Come booming o'er the sea.

For now the first shall be the last,
The last shall be the first,
And what, before, *all* did adore
Shall be by all accurst.

II.

The ancient Wrong enthroned on high,
And decked in pomp and pride ;
And by Earth's princes and her priests
Upheld and deified.

Now trembling, totters to its fall,
While, with a fearful cry,
Its crowd of servile worshippers
From forth the ruins fly.

Time-honored Crimes and Tyrannies,
With Slavery's cruel blight,
Are banished by the new-born power
Of Freedom and the Right.

And thus the first shall be the last ;
The last shall be the first,

And what, before, all did adore,
Shall be by all accurst.

III.

The rich man lapped in luxury,
And clothed in woven gold,
Whose frozen heart, through greed of wealth,
Is unto mammon sold ;
What though the fawning flatterer's tongue
A hollow reverence pays !
And men, for favor, not himself
But his possessions praise ! —
The day, the blessed day, shall dawn
When wealth no more shall rule,
Nor honest Spartan poverty
Be scorned by fopling fool.
And when “God's poor” their high estate
And priceless worth shall feel,
Nor rich oppressor crush them down
Beneath his iron heel.

For then the first shall be the last,
The last shall be the first,
And what, before, all did adore,
Shall be by all accurst.

IV.

No more the noise of wassail sounds
Within the lordly hall ;
Nor high-born chief, nor low-born churl
Hold drunken carnival.

Nor sparkling on the festal board
The costly liquor streams ;
Nor in the cup the rich red wine
With tempting lustre gleams.

The proud wine-bibber, envied once,
Now bows his head in shame,
And water from the crystal fount
Exalts the good man's fame.

For now the first shall be the last,
The last shall be the first,

And what, before, all did adore,
Shall be by all accurst.

V.

The haughty southern planter,
Lord of his hundred Slaves,
Once welcomed with obsequious smiles,
Now ranks with basest knaves.
What though he boasts his acres broad,
And lavishes his gold?—
The gold, not his, wrung from the blood
Of children bought and sold!—
The honest freeman turns away
With loathing from his sight,
And pitying leads the hunted Slave
To Freedom's glorious light.
And thus the first shall be the last,
The last shall be the first,
And what, before, all did adore
Shall be by all accurst.

Dedham, November, 1850.

Ratcliffe Gordon.

A SKETCH FROM MEMORY.

BY EDMUND QUINCY.

THE ways by which the American Abolitionist fares through the wilderness of this world, though they be ways of wisdom, are not always peaceful, as men call peace, or pleasant, as the world counts pleasure. Now hath he to struggle through the Slough of Despond, and anon Apollyon "straddles over the whole breadth of the way" to do him battle. Messrs. Worldly Wiseman, Mistrust, and Timorous beset him at the outset of his pilgrimage ; Envy, Superstition, and Pickthank hale him before Lord Hategood, as he wends through Vanity Fair ; and for his best companions he often hath no better than Mr. Feeble-mind, Mr. Ready-to-halt, or Mr.

Despondency, and his daughter, whose name was Much-afraid.

But, nevertheless, he hath his compensations and his consolations. Besides the comfortable and excellent things which are shown to him in the Interpreter's House at the beginning of his journey, and the cheering visions vouchsafed from the Delectable Mountains, when it is farther advanced, he hath much solace in the small company of the Elect, even Faithful and Hopeful, who keep pace with him unto the end. And, moreover, the casual societies into which he falls in the course of his pilgrimage are often full of interest and encouragement. His hospitable sympathies may sometimes, to be sure, be wasted on unworthy guests ; but again amends is made him by finding that he has entertained an angel unawares.

I well remember one of these visitations which fell to my share, some ten "or by'r Lady, inclining to" a dozen years ago ; although I am afraid that the angelic character of my visitant may be

doubted by some of the Birmingham saints that pass current hereabouts. To my mind, with all his alloy, he was worth them all. At that time I was (the Lord forgive me !) a practicing Counsellor at Law in Boston. One day a friend entered my chambers followed by an aged gentleman, whom he introduced to me as "Mr. Ratcliffe Gordon, formerly of Virginia, and now of Alabama." I was much struck by the appearance and bearing of my new acquaintance, who looked, as Fielding says Joseph Andrews did, "as one might think, who had never seen a lord, like a nobleman ;" but I only marvelled what business a gentleman, who had spent three quarters of a century between a breeding and a consuming Slave State, could have with me.

My friend, however, soon explained it by saying, "Mr. Gordon wished to be introduced to an Abolitionist, and so I have brought him to you." Adding, as he took his leave, having discharged his office, "and I think you will find him as vehement a one himself as your heart could desire !"

"An Abolitionist!" said I, turning to Mr. Gordon, I had hardly hoped to hear that, Sir, when I was told that you had lived all your life in the Slave States."

"Why so?" he returned a little testily, for though thoroughly well bred in his manners, he obviously belonged to the Sir Anthony Absolute school, "where should a man become an Abolitionist, if it be not in the Slave States? But," he continued, "I should not be an Abolitionist, if I lived in New England!"

"Ah, indeed! why so?"

"Why, I have heard more said in justification of Slavery, since I have been in Boston, than I ever heard in all my life in the Slave States. Why, Sir," he went on, rising as he went, into a towering passion, "why, Sir, if I were a New England man and were insulted as I hear you insulted every day, I'd have the rascal out, Sir! I'd have his heart's blood, Sir!"

“ May I ask the nature of the insults of which you speak ? ”

“ Why, Sir,” he replied, “ no longer ago than yesterday, at the table d’hote of the Exchange Coffee House, a rascal ” (the courteous reader will pardon me for pretermitted the particular participle with which he qualified this noun substantive,) “ a rascal had the impudence to tell me that our Slaves are better off than your white laborers ! Better off ! ” he exclaimed in a low tone of concentrated rage and contempt, “ better off, indeed ! I never saw a white woman’s child taken from her breast and sold before her eyes ! or sold before it was born ! And that’s what I’ve seen hundreds of times done to Slaves ! ”

“ And did you answer him, Sir ? ” I inquired.

“ To be sure I did,” he replied, “ I told him just what I tell you now. That if I had been a New England man I would have called him out, Sir ! That I would have had his life’s blood, Sir !

Nothing but blood could have washed out such an insult as that."

And it is not unlikely he would have been as good as his word, for I found out afterwards that forty years before, with a zeal worthy of the Scotchman in Zeluco, who fought in vindication of the honor of Mary, Queen of Scots, he had fought a duel to resent some disrespectful expressions used in his hearing about the elder Adams. For my old friend was a Federalist of the most determined type. He was a neighbor, personal friend, and political supporter of Washington; but, Virginian as he was, John Adams and Timothy Pickering seemed to be the gods of his political idolatry.

I have no justification to offer for Mr. Gordon's adherence to the ancient custom of the "trial by battel," to the modern "tribunal of twelve paces," nor for some of his other customs and habits. For historical (or biographical) accuracy compels me to state (shocking as the statement must have been to General Taylor, and to all his reverend and pious

supporters) that this my “angel unawares” *would* swear! O, how he would swear! I can only plead in palliation of the first failing, the manners and customs of the semi-barbarous countries where he had lived his life, and for the last, the almost universal usage of his day and generation; of which we have seen the remains tarnishing the perfection of the high breeding of many a gentleman of the old school, of whom so few now remain upon the stage. But justice to my old friend requires me to say that his loudest and deepest curses were ever reserved for Slavery and its apologists.

I think I never met with any one so penetrated with abhorrence of the Slave system, or so thoroughly acquainted with it in all its details, as Mr. Gordon. The familiarity of seventy-five years, with every phase of its abomination, seemed to have had no hardening effect upon his heart. They were ever new to him, and his indignation against them was ever fresh. He had been born and bred a Slaveholder, and had retained his Slaves until

about twenty years before the time I knew him. Then he emancipated them.

"I could keep them no longer," said he to me, in answer to an inquiry of mine on this point, "I could keep them no longer; for *I tasted their sweat in my bread!*"

While he was in Boston, at this time, as he was passing through Ann Street, one day, a black man rushed out of a shop as he went by and overtook him with tears of joy. It was one of his emancipated Slaves. He took his old master to his shop, and to his house over it, and showed him his free and happy family. Mr. Gordon's own aged eyes were wet when he told me the story. Many as might have been the oaths registered in the Chancery of Heaven against my old friend, I do not think the Recording Angel could have looked down upon that scene and not have dropped a sympathizing tear upon them that would have blotted them all out forever.

Mr. Gordon's emancipation of his Slaves made

all the difference to him between competence and comparative poverty. He represented two of the old cavalier families of the Ancient Dominion, his ancestors, on both the Gordon and Ratcliffe side, having emigrated soon after the battle of Worcester — “Worcester’s laureate wreath,” — had placed the brewer of Huntingdon on the throne of the Stuarts. Like many of the old Virginia families, his had gradually fallen away as the curse of Slavery began to cling closer and closer to its victims. His patrimonial estates had dwindled away, and the twenty or thirty Slaves that remained to him were the chief of his substance. Had he retained and sold them, the proceeds would have made him easy, though not affluent, for life. As it was, after a few years, he sold what remained of the broad lands of his fathers, and emigrated in his old age to the extreme southern State (as men then esteemed southern extremes, — we shall soon call it the *middle* State) of Alabama, where he resorted to the profession, which, like Washington,

he had learned in his youth, of a Surveyor, for his subsistence. The object of his visit to Boston was the sale of an extremely beautiful map of his adopted State which he had prepared from his personal surveys.

Mr. Gordon always reminded me of characters one reads of in romances. A decayed gentleman with all the consciousness of what was due to himself, and all the sensitiveness to his treatment by others, which marks that melancholy and interesting character. His looks were singularly prepossessing. His head and face were strikingly like the busts of Washington, though on a smaller scale. His grey hair combed back from his forehead and tied by a ribbon behind, his spare, erect person, and his punctilious politeness, a little formal and ceremonious, perhaps, according to modern notions, might have been worked up to advantage by a novelist, had he fallen in the way of any of that light and frivolous generation. Even his choleric and testy ebullitions, called forth as they were by

cruelty and meanness, chiefly, gave a piquancy and expression to his character, which I should have been loth to lose. He was, altogether, one of the most rememberable persons I have ever known.

Mr. Gordon gave the full weight of his testimony to the sufficiency of the measures of the modern Abolitionists. He recognized our philosophy and our method, as far as then developed, as the true way of the Slave's salvation. He wrote a letter to this effect, if I do not very much misremember, to Mr. Garrison. He naturally took a deep interest in the course of the Misses Grimké, who were at that time actively engaged in their public Anti-Slavery labors. He was very desirous of a personal interview with them, but circumstances preventing it, he wrote them a letter of approbation and encouragement, exhorting them to persevere in the way upon which they had entered. It ended thus: "You have begun a good work, and I bid you go on. You *shall* prosper! Although you may not know the impression you have made, yet

believe me, that impression is extensive and lasting ; and believe me, who was once a holder of Slaves, you have kindled a fire which shall burn, and burn, until the whole system of Slavery is overthrown." This letter appeared in the Liberator of March 23, 1838, signed, "**A FRIEND OF THE SLAVE.**" In this free country, it was unsafe for an inhabitant of a Slave State to blaspheme Slavery, even at the North, under his own proper signature ! And even now I feel it prudent to conceal his real name and latest abode, under fictitious names, to guard against the possibility of bringing him into trouble, should he yet survive !

When Mr. Gordon had finished the business upon which he came to Boston, he bade me farewell with a hearty blessing on the cause, and then he went his way and I saw him no more. I had one letter from him after his return home ; but from that time to this, I have never heard of him. I presume that he has been a long time dead. His great age and increasing infirmities, together with

the lapse of eleven years, make this almost certain. I have delayed this account of him, which I always intended to put on record, until I could feel morally sure that he was beyond the troubling of the wicked, and that he had entered into the rest that awaits the weary. I have described him as I remember him, and I am sure that I have "nothing extenuated." I have not endeavored to erect him into a Saint, according to the present scheme of canonization. He made no pretensions to superior godliness or goodness. But his words showed that he was no hypocrite, his actions proved that his heart was magnanimous and humane. There are worse men than Ratcliffe Gordon, who can preach and pray against Slavery and War and then choose for their Chief Ruler the incarnation of both these crimes, who would stand afar off from him and thank God that they are not as this profane swearer and duellist. But when all these errors of his speech and of his life were weighed in the balance of the Divine Justice against his habitual

love of mankind, so nobly manifested in the crowning act of his history, I hope and believe that he went up to the house appointed for all living justified rather than they.

Dedham, November, 1848.

Legitimite de L'esclavage.

PAR M. EMILE SOUVESTRE.

AUCUNE institution humaine ne peut prétendre à être durable si elle n'est légitime. Voyons l'origine de l'esclavage et comment il a pu se fonder dans le monde.

L'esclavage est évidemment né de la guerre. Par la conquête le vainqueur semblait acquérir un droit sur le vaincu ; maître de sa vie, il se contentait de lui prendre sa liberté. C'était comme un dédommagement des périls qu'il avait courus pour le vaincre ; un prix de son courage, le gain de cette terrible partie de la guerre où chaque joueur se mettait lui-même pour enjeu. Dans la morale grossière des peuples barbares, on comprend que l'esclavage eut ainsi une origine

légitime ou, du moins, une raison d'être, — mais chez les peuples modernes, rien de pareil !

L'homme que vous possédez, vous ne l'avez point acquis par la lutte ; il ne récompense point vos efforts, même en vous plaçant au point de vue de la logique payenne ; vous n'avez sur lui aucun droit soutenable ; vous n'êtes pas son maître, car vous ne l'avez pas soumis.

Etes vous au moins propriétaire de sa personne en vertu d'un contrat volontaire ? Vous a-t-il aliéné sa liberté en échange de quelque faveur ou en paiement de quelque service, comme le faisaient les pauvres habitants de l'Attique avant la constitution de Solon ? Pas davantage ! il n'y a eu entre vous aucun marché, aucun contrat.

L'homme que vous regardez comme votre bien a été pris au piège dans son pays, enlevé par violence, conduit ici et vendu ! Ce n'est ni une proie gagnée sur vos ennemis, ni un serviteur qui s'est livré à vous ; c'est une marchandise volée dont vous vous êtes fait le réceleur. Votre propriét

n'a donc aucun moyen de se justifier dans son origine. Elle n'a pas même la logique féroce des peuples de l'antiquité. Je vous demande ce que peuvent en penser des peuples Chrétiens ?

Le paganisme avait réglé les principaux rapports de la divinité avec l'homme. Il avait sanctifié les grandes vertus sociales ; mais sans rien faire pour l'individualité humaine. Le Christianisme l'a relevée. Il est venu annoncer à chaque homme qu'outre sa part dans la destinée de la société, il avait une destinée particulière à accomplir, et qu'il portait en lui une étincelle divine ! Oui, donner à chaque fils d'Adam une âme à sauver, c'était établir une nécessité commune, constater la ressemblance essentielle de tous les êtres, créer enfin l'égalité des hommes par l'égalité de leur suprême devoir. Le jour où l'on proclama cette doctrine dans le monde, l'esclavage fut virtuellement condamné ; car l'homme ne peut se croire plus longtemps le droit de posséder son semblable, un être doué de sa parcelle d'immor-

talité, un frère aussi précieux que lui à leur père commun.

L'hypocrisie, l'intérêt, les préjugés auront beau se débattre contre ces principes. Ils n'en pourront sortir. Enfermés dans la vérité ils s'y agiteront inutilement comme l'écureuil dans sa roue, et l'illégitimité de l'acquisition de l'homme par l'homme restera évidente pour tous ceux qui regarderont avec les yeux de la conscience.

Nous savons bien que vaincus sur les principes, les partisans de la servitude argumenteront du fait accompli. Si on ne peut prouver que l'esclavage est juste, on prouvera qu'il est nécessaire ! Défense ordinaire aux causes honteuses ou perdues ! Oui ! L'esclavage est nécessaire comme l'ont été les buchers pour conserver des croyances qui malgré tout se sont éteintes ; nécessaire comme étaient les Bastilles pour soutenir un ordre social avec lequel nous les avons vues crouler ; nécessaire comme le sont aujourd'hui les conseils de guerre en Autriche, les bastonnades en Italie, les dépor-

tations en Russie ; nécessaire comme tout ce qui favorise les usurpations, comme tout ce qui soutient les priviléges, comme tout ce qui travaille à maintenir un ordre factice et monstrueux au détriment de la justice et de la raison.

Paris, Mai, 1850.

Is Slavery Legitimate?

BY M. SOUVESTRE.

No human institution can hope to endure which is not legitimate. Let us glance at the origin of Slavery and see how it came to establish itself in the world.

Slavery is, clearly, the offspring of War. By conquest the victor gained an apparent right over the vanquished; having his life in his power, he was satisfied with depriving him of his liberty. It was a kind of amends for the dangers he had incurred to conquer him; a reward of his valor, the winnings in that terrible game of war, upon the turn of which each player stakes himself. We can understand how, according to the rude morality of barbarous nations, Slavery could thus claim a legitimate origin, or, at least, a reason for its

existence, — but among modern nations, never, never !

The man in your possession you have gained by no struggle ; you have no claim upon his toil even if you put yourself in the point of view of heathen logic ; you have no right to him that will bear scrutiny ; you are not his master, for you have not conquered him.

Are you even the owner of his person by virtue of a voluntary agreement ? Has he transferred his liberty to you as a return for some benefit, as a consideration for some service as the poor inhabitants of Attica were wont to do before the laws of Solon ? Not at all ! There has been no bargain, no contract, between you.

The man whom you consider as your property was entrapped in his own country, torn thence by violence, conveyed hither and sold ! He is no prize won from your enemies, no servant who has bound himself to you ; 't is a piece of stolen goods of which you have consented to be the receiver.

Your property, then, can find no justification in its origin. It cannot stand, even, the fierce logic of the nations of antiquity. I ask you what can Christian nations think of it?

Paganism systematized the chief relations of Deity with Man. It deified the great social virtues; but it did nothing for the individual man. Christianity raised him up. It came to proclaim to every man that, besides his share in the destiny of society, he had an individual destiny to fulfill, and that he bore within him a spark of the Divine Essence. Yes, to give to every son of Adam a soul to be saved was to establish a common want, to prove the substantial oneness of all souls, to create, finally, the equality of men by the equality of their highest duty. When this doctrine was proclaimed to the world, upon that day Slavery was virtually condemned. For man could no longer believe himself entitled to own his equal, a being endowed with a particle of immortality like

his own, a brother as dear to their common Father as he himself.

Hypocrisy, self-interest, prejudice, may well strive against these principles. They can never escape from them. Shut up in truth, they will weary themselves to no purpose in their struggles with it, like the squirrel in his whirling cage, and the unlawfulness of the acquisition of man by man will be made plain to all who view it with the eyes of conscience.

We know well enough that, when vanquished on principles, the champions of Slavery rest their defence of it upon the fact of its necessary existence. If they cannot prove that Slavery is just, they will show that it is necessary ! Vulgar defence of disgraceful or desperate causes ! Yes ! Slavery is necessary as fire and fagot were for the preservation of creeds, which, notwithstanding, are extinct ; necessary as were Bastiles to maintain a social state along with which we have seen them sink in ruins ; necessary as court martials are even

now in Austria, as the bastinado is in Italy, as banishment in Russia; necessary as is everything which comforts tyranny, which upholds privilege, which toils to sustain a factitious and monstrous state of things at war with justice and with reason!

Paris, May, 1850.

Settled !

"The times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end: but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools. This is more strange
Than such a murder is."—SHAKSPEARE.

BY EDGAR BUCKINGHAM.

AND so it was thought, at last, the great agitation of the land was over! The wolf and the lamb were to dwell together, and the child was to put his hand in safety upon the den of the cockatrice. Oh! beautiful vision! fair hope of heaven upon earth!

But what a disappointment! The statesmen of 1850, like such hosts of their predecessors in all ages of the world, have undertaken, but in vain, to calm the jarring elements of society to peace. But never was sight shorter, than that of statesmen of

the present day. It saw not a moment ahead. Louis XVI., when it was announced to him,— Sire, this is not a rebellion, it is a revolution,— Charles X., Louis Philippe, who were kings in the morning and fugitives at noon, were at least as farsighted, as the great commoners of our own day, who slept so sweetly, when Congress closed its session last, and woke in the morning to find that all their work must be begun, to be accomplished again.

Politicians, accustomed to manage parties, or to be managed by them, are very wise and useful in the midst of common affairs;— but there have been questions ever, along in the whole history of the world, in which elements appear that defy their subtlest calculations. Politics are not like mathematics, in which, from data well fixed and understood, results must follow as surely as the last link of the chain the hand that holds and draws the first. They are rather like electrical phenomena, in which, while the operator has taken

carefullest pains, that his fluid shall be collected, he is surprised to find that an unseen influence in the atmosphere has been silently, and like a spirit, waiting upon his instruments and bearing all his electricity away.

Your real politician, happy in his knowledge of the *world*, accustomed to count majorities, and to apply the commonest motives of hope of office, honor and wealth to the human heart, ignores human nature in its broader manifestations, or knows nothing of the human *soul*. Pah! That is a word, fit for the Church, — fit for weak women, and old men as weak. But though fairies and hob-goblins have been voted out of power and, very silently acquiescing in the recorded decision of the majority, have quietly removed their presence and activity to some other world, — yet *spirits* remain, — ghosts, — terrible ghosts, — walking the streets not at dead of night, but at noon-day, — not fearing the cock and vanishing at its crowing, — whom no priest with bell and book can lay. They haunt

the world on all sides, keeping peace when things go right ; but when statesmen become oppressors, then suddenly, more fearfully than the witches before Macbeth and Banquo, they rise, they gather, they fill the air on all sides and above,— and take the management of affairs to themselves. And the worst of it is, none understand them ; none can manage them ; none can buy them off ; none can silence them ; none know to what their action tends, or when the end will be, when office and power will return to those who claim them as a hereditary portion, or an indefeasible right. To the common view, they riot like winds and rains, thunders and lightnings, in the storm, or like careless merry dancers of the sky, in the clearness of the evening. Politicians can get along very well with common men,— but ghosts are beyond them. They can deal with love of office, admiration of wealth and state, fear of power or any weaker dispositions of the human heart,— but when consciences come, they first laugh at the vision,

like strong men in a church-yard, then they look around them, and at last tremble and retreat.

And so the Slavery question is not settled ! It is not you or I that say so ; there is a great spirit abroad in the world that says it. It may be heard in every breeze ; it speaks in the quiet of the night ; in the counting-room of the merchant, it interrupts his calculations with its secret voice ; — in the study of the statesman, where none is present but himself, and fine arrangements have just been carefully thought out, it interposes its presence, and interrupts the sweet design. From the sacred desk, the preacher shall say, “ there is no such a spirit,” — and even there it rises before his eyes, or knocks at the doors of his heart. Not the friends of the Slave know that the question is not settled. Politicians know it. Oppressors know it. England knows it ; Austria knows it. Everybody, all over the world, knows that the Slavery agitation is not settled, and is not, in the

way that has been thought, even approaching a settlement.

You cannot settle it : — nor indeed can we. No composition of parties, — no marshalling of forces, — no arrangements of speakership, or presidency, — no cunning tactics of any kind can settle this great question. It will not be settled, according to your opinion, nor according to any opinion of mine. But it will come to a settlement. The acid and the alkalies will meet, — stirring will not separate them : the solution will crystallize, and the diamond will form, and the world will wonder at it. You or I may help the process, and bring the result more speedily about : we may retard it, by mingling in our selfishness, our passion, our ignorance, but the everlasting laws of God will not be repealed, and the settlement will come. You may perhaps retard it, for your day, and enjoy, with such quiet as may be, the state of confusion, misnamed peace, in which you live : but none can tell, when the settlement will come, nor

how much those will suffer who make themselves opposers, while the work is going on.

And what will this settlement be? The entire abolition of Slavery. The word has gone forth, and never can be recalled. *We* do not speak it. We only reverently hear it, and humbly and with awe repeat it. We are not at fault for the great agitation that heaves the public mind. We have, we are willing to acknowledge, our faults, our sins, and judgment hereafter will decide upon the evil that is in us. But were we pure, as the brightest angel before the throne, we could not have helped the agitation with which the land is roused. It came, and it has borne us along. And had we refused to give ear to the spirit that has spoken, — had different faults and sins existed in us and quieted our voices and lulled us to guilty sleep, others, more virtuous than we, would have refused to sleep, while the still small voice was speaking, and would have looked on to worship, while the fire was licking the water from the sacrifice. Should

every Abolitionist in the land be *bought* to silence, or should power stop their speech, yet all that is now said would find speakers ; and more, far more will be spoken in time to come. The end is not yet. But it will be. All parties will be swept to nothingness before the power that approaches. All statesmen, that oppose, will fall before it. Slavery *will* be abolished, — will be utterly abolished, — and no power on earth can prevent the consummation.

But will not the Union fall, ere ever that event will be brought about ? Let not curiosity endeavor to peer into the future to ask that question. Freedom is divine, and must come to all who bear the image of the Maker. The Union is but a human contrivance, — and however wisely we may think it arranged and cemented, — though the hands, and the hearts, and the blood of our fathers are in it, — it is still but the work of man. Isaiah has not prophesied of it, David has not foretold its coming ; the revelations that have brought life and

immortality to light have not spoken of it. There is no revelation in the present century, that declares that it shall exist, or that it shall fall. We may fondly dwell upon its charms, admire its glories, or revel in the midst of the prosperities with which it surrounds us : but we have no word from on high commanding us to preserve it. To speak well of it, or to speak ill of it, is not dishonoring father or mother, nor sinning against the Spirit that dwells in Holiness above, nor breaking any other commandment, or necessarily incurring any other sin. As believers in the infinite Spirit of Holiness, the Union is not our care. If it be founded in justice, it is the care of God, and will continue : if in wickedness, the blessing of God has passed away from it.

We need not fear that the dissolution of the Union will take place. Our fear will neither hasten, nor retard the event. That it may, perchance, be endangered by the views which we hold and proclaim, of the absolute right of every man

to his freedom, should induce us, as many other considerations should, to give the most earnest heed to our steps, to review the ground we take, to bring every thought of human happiness, or expectation of heavenly bliss, to make its deepest impression upon our minds. But it should not appall us. We trust, humbly trust, that it is not upon worldly calculations and ingenious reasonings, or with heated imaginations, with wild enthusiasm, or self-blinded obstinacy, that we proceed. With higher principles, with loftier spirit, no bugbear should deter us from the course which justice requires us to take. It was not well in Caiaphas to fear that the Romans would come and take away the place and nation of the Jews, and proceed to condemn the guiltless to death, to avert so dreadful a catastrophe. The revered name of the Jewish people, hallowed by all the faith of Abraham, the heroism of Gideon, and the sweet psalmody of David, was not worth so much, that a crime should be committed to save it; and we must not, like

Caiaphas, and his fellow-priests, frighten ourselves, with fears of dying *institutions*, and in our fear, withhold the voice that proclaims the freedom of the Slave, or give sanction to any law or constitution that alienates his liberty.

And we need not fear, should the Union be dissolved. What calamities, or what blessings, may attend that strange result, no human eye can foresee. But the elements of human happiness do not alone depend upon this or that of human institutions. The winds, that blow with balmy sweetness from the South, cannot be turned from their course, by the re-writing or the cancelling of certain parchments and records. The sun, which warms the southern soil, cannot be prevented from climbing, each summer, to his northern altitude at noon-day, — and the rains that fertilize our fields will still continue to fall, let who will be king of the south country, for none of these depend on him. But the air will breathe as warmly, the sun shine as brightly upon our landscapes, the rain fall

as often upon our fields, the seed will germinate in the bosom of the soil, and the stalk bring its fruits to maturity, and all the healthful and the solemn operations of great Nature proceed as wisely and as well as at present, should other institutions be fashioned by man's device, than those we fancy are our joy and glory now. There is a Providence ; men in wrath and in folly may make aliens or enemies one of another ; we cannot alienate Providence, or, except by iniquity or faithlessness, turn the course of Providence to work our injury.

The Slavery agitation will at last be settled. Under Divine Providence, it will be settled by human instrumentality. Should the ambition of this individual, gazing after the seals of office, — or the avarice of that, grasping greedily, nervously catching after the means of wealth, — lead such to combine and, by force of power, settle without reference to the laws of God, and the rights of man, this great question of the human race, — the settlement will soon be broken up again. And

though their plans might be so cunningly laid, that wealth and office should be theirs upon the completion of their arrangements, they cannot long enjoy them. They cannot stop the revolution of the earth upon its axis, and the revolutions of the moral world will bear them away to oblivion.

Like every question, this of Slavery must be settled upon the basis of right ! Hast thou *right* to the wages of thy fellow-man ? Hast thou *right* to his wife, to make her bow down to thee, and serve thy passion, — or *right* to sanction a system which allows in other persons every terrible crime ? Hast thou *right* to deliver him, for gold, for law, for safety to thee, thy fellows, and thy country, to those who hold him a beast, a thing ? Hast thou *right* to do these things ? It is not safe to do anything contrary to the right !

Do not let our settlements be, then, like so many mistaken settlements made in every age since the world begun, — lasting no longer than clouds which, by covering over the skies for a night,

might think within themselves that they had forever extinguished the sun and the stars. Cain might have thought, by the death of his brother, that he had forever settled his own superior right to the favor of the Divinity, and quieted the ranklings of his own jealousy. But his brother's blood called from the ground, and the fancied peace and favor were gone. Pharaoh made many settlements ; — but made in injustice, they were all broken up again, until at last, with all his host, he sunk into the depths of the ocean. David took to himself the wife of Uriah, and when the news came of the death of the husband in the forefront of the army, then he thought that peaceful enjoyment had settled upon his soul. But, unwise that he was, a word, a look broke up his enjoyment, and the world since his day has not ceased to listen to the wailings of his remorse and repentance. And when the cry went up to Heaven, "It is finished," and the Spirit of the Redeemer was at rest from all the agonies of mortal life, — what peace the guilty

people of Jerusalem thought would settle upon their land ! How much freer breathed Caiaphas, that night, in thought of a country saved, a regal aspirant removed from his power with the people. But with death came triumph. And not alone is the *blood* of the martyrs the seed of the church, every instance of defeat but calls forth new sympathy from the heart of humanity ; and like the wheel now rolling in the dust, now raised in air, downwards or upwards, the cause of humanity is ever advancing, and nothing can impede its progress.

Trenton, N. Y., November, 1850.

The Sultan's fair Daughter and the Master of the Flowers.

[From an old German Volkslied.]

I.

THE Sultan had a daughter fine
Who rose betimes one day,
And went to see the blossoms shine
In her father's garden gay.

II.

There she the lovely blossoms fine
Saw glittering in the dew ; —
“ What gardener makes these blossoms shine ? ”
Exclaimed the maiden true.

III.

“ He must a skillful gardener be,
A man of greatest worth,
To make these lovely flowers I see,
Grow out of the damp earth.”

IV.

“ Oh ! deep with him am I in love,
And could I him but see,
Quick from my father’s realm I’d move
And would his helpmate be ! ”

V.

There comes to her at midnight dread,
A man all bright to see ;—
“ Rise up ! rise up ! thou lovely maid !
I’m filled with love for thee ! ”

VI.

And quick the maid forsakes her bed,
Goes to the window grand ;
And Jesus saw, that beauteous head,
By her, in glory stand.

VII.

She ope’s the door with joyful mind,
And low she bows her there ;
She gives him salutations kind ;
With maiden-modest air.

VIII.

“From whence! from whence! Oh young man
fair!
My father's kingdom through,
There's none with this that can compare,
And stand beside of you.”

IX.

“Oh lovely maid! thou though'st of me;
For thy sake am I come,
Out of my father's realm to thee:
I'm author of this bloom!”

X.

“Oh Lord, oh Lord, how far, how far,
Is't to your Father's home?
I'll go and live forever there,
And tend each lovely bloom!”

XI.

“My garden's in Eternity;
'T is many a thousand mile,
There bride-clothes I will give to thee,
And a rosy wreath meanwhile!”

XII.

He took from off his finger fair
A ring of sunny gold,
Demanding if the Sultan's heir
Him for her spouse would hold.

XIII.

And as she love's confession made,
Again his wounds unclose.
"Oh love ! why is thy heart so sad ?
Why in thy hands that rose ?"

XIV.

"My heart is only sad for thee :
For thee I bear the rose ;
I plucked it in my agony ;
For thee my life-blood flows !"

XV.

"My Father calls. Now deck the bride !
I long have sought for thee !"
Her love joins her to Jesus' side ;
Her bridal wreath weaves he.

XVI.

They journeyed on a lengthy way,
Along the hedges blue,
And came where heaven's entrance lay,
And Jesus would pass through.

XVII.

"My dearest Jesus ! noble guide,
Must I now part from thee ?
'T is a sad word ! " the maid replied,
" And tears it brings to me ! "

XVIII.

In silence Jesus went away ;
Sad thoughts possessed his mind ; —
Her eyes were filled with tears straitway
That she was left behind.

XIX.

She knocked so gently with the pin,
And 'gan with words t' implore : —
" Undo the gate, and let me in !
My lover 's gone before ! "

XX.

Jesus received her joyfully,
With most melodious voice,
He led her to his home on high,
And bade her heart rejoice.

XXI.

They journeyed through a portal fair,
Where famous deeds of old
In glory stood recorded there,
And writ in sunny gold.

XXII.

Upon the clouds swift angels fair,
Disport with varied wing,
As shepherds in some morning clear
Make all the hill-tops ring.

XXIII.

Forever music echoed round ;
There arched a Rainbow clear,
Whereof the fairest hue was found
Drawn from that maiden's tear.

XXIV.

In glory sat the Father there,
Which round about them rolled ;
And nought can now their bliss impair,
Nor will they e'er grow old !

The Prestige of Slavery.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

SLAVERY came before the framers of the Constitution as a fixed fact. A fixed fact it has been ever since, with acknowledged rights, with a *Prestige of Law*. To the oligarchy of the chain and whip this one circumstance has been worth more than all their diplomacy, all their bluster. Trade and local interests have not done so much to corrupt the faith and conduct of the North, in the matter of Slavery, as this *Prestige of Law*. Railroads, ships, spindles even, could not have begun to make the northern conscience the supple tool it has been, but for this.

The northern conscience was taken to task early, before it knew itself. Slavery stood over it as a fixed necessity — claiming inalienable rights. An

exception seemed to be taken by the nature of things against the moral sense. And so the moral sense must doubt itself, must compromise, must conform !

On how perilous a road did this Union enter, with such a task as this to be accomplished ? To look into those hideous features of Slavery, till they should seem to express justice, humanity, holiness even, or at all events cease to repel. To muster collateral questions and irrelevant issues, whereby we might stifle our instinctive abhorrence of it, and get our thoughts off from the wickedness of its principles, and the miseries of its victims ! To accept it as an essential element in Republican politics—to take it as a thing of course, and reconcile it as we could with our Declaration of Human Rights, with our Churches and our Schools, with the sun going forth in his brightness, with the mountains and the floods ! To put the clear reason and innocent instincts of our children to a political schooling, whose beginning, middle,

and end is a Constitution which practically teaches how truth may join hands with falsehood, under the awful Prestige of Law! To consent, out of pure fidelity to this political creed, to take the deadly miasm to our hearts and homes, through press, railroad, electric wire, Congress, cotton trade, sale of our citizens in southern ports, land-pirates skulking about our northern towns, through every channel, social, political, commercial, and pretend, in the face of all this, that Slavery in the southern States is no concern of ours!

O! if in spite of all this, the national conscience comes true at last, it is not because God is so patient only, but because there is that force of Divinity in the human soul which no evil teaching, however artful and systematic, can quell.

And so is it that, by a strange perversion, that practical good sense which teaches to make the best of what we think *must* be — is turned against the conscience and the heart, by this terrible fixed

fact of Slavery in the Constitution. Shall we not learn that there are some things which must *not* be, "fixed facts" or no? Systematic murder of men and women, physically and spiritually, on a colossal scale,—such as has been going on for years in this country, unshamed, unchecked, triumphant;—is that a fixed fact, which must be upheld, countenanced, conformed to? Remember then at least that the voice of our brother's blood is calling to God from the ground. Is not *that* a fixed fact, too?

To what have we been rushing on? Are not your "Defender of the Constitution" and the Fugitive Slave Law the legitimate result of such schooling? Are not the mobs, the abusive press, the time-serving pulpit? There are signs that the North is beginning to reel back in horror from the verge of the abyss. It is preparing, we may hope, to ask, "How have we been dragged hither, with the loss of all manhood and sense besides?" The answer is plain.

A barbarous fixed fact has stood over you, clothed in the Prestige of Law and Custom,— to mock down faith in great principles, and convince you, by its iron actuality that the Christian enthusiast is a fanatic, and the law of brotherhood a dream. How could you do otherwise than lose all heroism, manhood, sense?

Here is the disease. Are you ready to apply the remedy?

There is one bright point in the horrible blackness of the Fugitive Slave Law. It forces this long evaded question between conscience and the fixed facts of human law to an instant decision. Is there need of another attempt as diabolical as that is, before we shall bring ourselves to choose between God's fixed facts and those of man? If so, it may be confidently expected; for falsehood cannot rest till it has scourged and goaded itself down under the feet of truth.

But look at our position from another side.

To those who follow implicitly the Prestige of Law, I would propose this question. While government is understood to be the organ for consolidating parties, and securing the interests, vested or unvested, of special classes, parties, persons, how can it fail but that all the corrupt malignant humors of the land should press to it with universal rush and conflict, and so the Head of the State, the Law-making Power become insane with delusion and vice? How should its legislation fail to be guided in great measure by men who, as Sidney Smith said of certain English politicians, "would postpone for half a century all remedies for a pestilence, if the preservation of their places depended on the propagation of the virus?" How can Government be expected to act for *Humanity*, since it only represents the interests of the *class or person* who happens for the time to be uppermost in the State? It never starts on a noble way, unless forced by the popular voice. This is the lesson of History. If we are

ashamed, as we ought to be, that this Republican Government, the loud-voiced herald of a new era of social progress, has lived sixty years, and scarcely done a single noble act of national justice or mercy, then let us lay to heart the reason thereof. It is not for lack of opportunity. Nay, do not dare say that! Has not God planted us away from the Old World's rival policies, where we could set the example of a brave reliance on peace and industry? Have we not had two spoiled and wasted races pleading at our feet, and a weak distracted nation at our side? When before, did God ever so *tempt* and *allure* a Government to a heroic life? And now, covered again and again with the shame of

“The task unaccepted, the foot-path untrod,
One more Devil's triumph and sorrow to Angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God,”

do we dare to charge it upon the way our lines have been marked out for us,—that we have not

been good and great? Ah! it is because we, the people, have left our morals to the State's keeping,—taken lies and iniquities of its enacting, for fixed facts,—and grounded our Christianity before an imposing Prestige of Vice.

Are we then ready to apply the remedy? It is simply to put Christian Heroism, in place of Party and our so called Patriotism. These may do politic things, beneficial things often. But heroic things, I must believe, come from broader motives. There is no great heroism in defending one's home from invasion and ruin: *that* is what ninety-nine men in a hundred could not help doing—do not even the brutes the same? But it is heroism (yet no more than duty,) to stand for a moral law when it is outraged by a Legislature or a Congress; to stand for Justice and Mercy, even against our country when she is wrong,—stronger, unarmed and alone, than every hostile prestige, than every omen; master of what will be the *best* prestige and the *best* omen, a good cause and a plain integrity.

This passes for treason. But to *what* is it treason? Not to God? Not to conscience? No! nor to the Nation; for nothing but this can prompt the Nation to public acts which will bring it honor and praise hereafter. If we are incapable of such treason when the occasion demands, we are the Nation's enemies; yes, and Mankind's enemies, and — our own.

We must learn something better than a local attachment: something better even than to feel indignation against cruel or base men. We must learn to adore Justice and Love, as principles; yes, as *Abstractions*. We are not fit to be citizens of a Republic, if we love home, property, life, so much as we love these *Abstractions*. A lesson this, which, as a people, we are yet to learn.

Politicians at Washington, when they would make a wicked compromise, boast that they are adopting a policy, which is not Northern nor Southern, Eastern nor Western, but *American* — nothing narrower than *that*. And it sounds noble.

But how pitiful a thing is all this show of patriotism, where the broad manhood that makes the true patriot is all wanting! Is America to be honored or blessed in being supported by a race of creatures *lower* than men?

“Make no one guardian of your State,” says Plato, “who has not honors and a mode of life superior to those of a mere politician.” A very old and venerable maxim this. We are a young people. Let us learn it. Let us adopt that discipline, which “teaches virtue as that of other nations teaches letters.” Let us get that enthusiastic faith in doing rightly, in plain, downright virtue, which can oppose to this Prestige of “Fixed Facts,” “Constitutional Compromises,” “American Policy,”—a force more sacred, at times, than prudence, mightier always than mobs or armies. There is no other possible safeguard. It is the true Palladium of our Liberties. Yet is it mocked, derided, despised.

The Fugitive Slave Law has forced these truths home upon us. Let us profit by that lesson, and make it serve the right.

Dorchester, November, 1850.

Stanzas.

TO ——, WITH A BRACELET COMPOSED OF CRYSTALS
AND STONES FROM THE BERNESSE ALPS.

BY CAROLINE WESTON.

No flashing gem,—no jewel rare,
No treasure rich from earth or sea,
I send to deck thy braided hair
And tell my constant thought of thee.

I send an offering dearer far
Than rosary to devotee,
For every clasp and every stone
Has witnessed thought and prayer for thee.

Rude are its links, but fancy sees
The crystals bright from Alpine hill
Forced downward by the Glacier's might,
Or bedded in the mountain rill.

They come from where eternal snow
Shines on the Jungfrau's wintry height,
From where the Staubach's misty flow
Gleams in the Lutschine's vale of light.

And where that wondrous wealth of waves
Flows free in June's rejoicing hour,
They leaped perchance from mountain caves
In the wild cataract's misty shower.

We stood beneath the mountain height
From whose proud front the "dust-fall" sprung,
And still an ever fresh delight
Its rapture o'er my spirit flung.

The Alpine horn was ringing wild ;
From cliff and cave the wave flashed free,
And gaily sang the mountain child, —
We blessed them all and spoke of thee.

Of thee and home, and of an hour
When wandering wide by hill and wold

We talked of Cologne's shrine and tower,
Then of the "Alpine mountains cold."

Now thou wert far, and there by me
A stranger stood, whose voice could wake
In foreign accents thoughts of thee, —
An Exile he for **FREEDOM**'s sake.

By the cold spring we bowed to drink,
The cup was drained to **Liberty** ;
How could I choose but sadly think
Of that far home beyond the sea,

Where vowed to **Freedom**'s holy cause
We suffered with the suffering *Slave*,
Bound in a land whose very laws
Have power to crush and none to save.

Then died my spirit's glow away ;
How long, oh Lord ! I cried, how long
Shall earth's oppressors bear their sway,
And light be dark and right be wrong !

We turned us from the torrent's roar
To mark where by the way-side stood
A peasant home, above whose door
This legend ran in carving rude.

“ With God this house was builded here,
In God my trust shall still be strong.”
We knew its meaning bright and clear,—
“ Toil still and trust, nor ask how long.”

Then wear the chain I send to-day,
Though rudely framed, it hath a tone
Caught from the Glacier, rock and spray,
Whose memory clings to every stone.

Grindenwald, Switzerland, June, 1849.

INfluence de L'esclavage sur les Maitres.

PAR MADAME SOUVESTRE.

CE qui m' a toujours le plus frappée dans l'esclavage, ce n'est ni la violation du droit naturel dans la personne de l'esclave, ni la cruauté dont le maître se rend coupable envers des êtres sortis comme lui des mains de Dieu ; c'est l'inconcevable aveuglement de ce maître lui-même, qui ne comprend pas qu' en vivant au milieu de créatures qu' il dégrade, il est insensiblement gagné par cette dégradation. Beaucoup de gens blâment les populations ignorantes qui prennent assez peu de souci de leurs corps, pour vivre parmi des éléments de contagion, et ils ne s'étonnent pas d' en voir d' autres, plus éclairées, négliger leurs

âmes jusqu' à vivre au milieu d' une corruption qui après avoir été leur ouvrage, devient leur châtiment ! Ne savent ils donc pas que nos cœurs se mettent toujours au niveau [des cœurs qui les entourent, que leur dignité ou leur avilissement nous élève ou nous abaisse ; qu' il y a aussi une atmosphère pour l'esprit aussi bien que pour les poumons, et que l'on respire le vice comme on respire la peste ? Or, voyez quel milieu l'esclavage fait au maître ! Quel spectacle que celui d' êtres toujours violentés dans leurs sentiments, retenus dans leurs aspirations, condamnés à ne vivre que pour le compte des autres ! Quel enseignement que ces mille vices, nés d' une perpetuelle contrainte ; mensonges, vols, trahisons, fruits amers de l'arbre de l'esclavage ! Quelle source de tentations que cette autorité sans limites, exercée sur des hommes qui ne peuvent rien nous refuser, qui ne doivent être pour nous que des instruments vivants, des animaux à qui Dieu a donné une âme pour *notre bon plaisir* !

On a bien souvent parlé de l'espèce de vertige que le pouvoir absolu donnait aux rois. L'histoire nous apprend que cet égarement grandit en raison de la puissance. Chez les douze Césars, il fut porté jusqu'à la rage ! Or, chaque maître est le roi absolu de ses esclaves, et la toute-puissance a nécessairement sur lui le même effet que sur les empereurs Romains ; elle lui ôte peu à peu le sentiment du juste et du possible. Placés en dehors des conditions normales de l'humanité ; il n'en accepte plus les nécessités, ni les devoirs ; il faut que tout se règle sur son caprice, il devient le centre de la vie de ceux qui lui sont soumis ; *il passe à l'état de Dieu* avec toutes ses faiblesses, toutes ses erreurs, toutes ses infirmités. Je ne crains pas de le dire, — il n'est aucune nature, quelle que soit sa richesse, capable de résister à une pareille épreuve. L'homme qui peut tout ce qu'il veut, ne veut point long-tems ce qu'il doit. Quand le désir n'a besoin que de s'exprimer pour s'accomplir, les caprices fantasques, les mauvaises

inspirations, les abérations d' esprit se produisent librement et se traduisent bien vite en sottises, en folies, ou en crimes.

Paris, Mai, 1850.

Influence of Slavery on the Masters.

BY MADAME SOUVESTRE.

THE thing that has always struck me as most strange in Slavery is not the violation of natural right in the person of the Slave, nor yet the cruelty of which the master is guilty towards beings that have issued forth like himself from the hands of God ; it is the inconceivable blindness of this master himself who does not perceive that, by living in the midst of creatures whom he degrades, he becomes insensibly a partaker in this very degradation. Many people blame the folly of an ignorant population that takes so little care of its bodily health as to live surrounded by the elements of contagion ; and yet they are not surprised to see

other masses of men, of more intelligence, so careless of their souls as to live in the midst of a corruption, which, they having first created it, becomes their punishment ! Know they not that our hearts always find the level of the hearts which surround us ; that their dignity or dishonor either exalts or abases ourselves ? That there is, too, an atmosphere for the mind as well as for the lungs, and that we breathe vice in as we do the plague ? Then see in what a position Slavery places the master ! What a spectacle is that of beings whose sentiments are forever outraged, whose aspirations forever stifled, who live only on another's account ! How instructive the thousand vices springing from perpetual constraint, — falsehood, theft, treason, — bitter fruits of the tree of Slavery ! How fruitful of temptations is that unlimited power exerted over men who can refuse us nothing, who can only be our living tools, animals to whom God has given a soul that they may do *our good pleasure* !

It is a common topic, the sort of giddiness which

absolute power communicates to kings. History teaches us that this infatuation grows great in proportion to the greatness of the power possessed. In the twelve Cæsars it amounted to frenzy. Now, every master is the absolute sovereign of his Slaves, and supreme power, of necessity, produces the same effect upon him as upon the Roman Emperors. It takes away from him, by degrees, the sense of justice and of reason. Standing outside the natural relations of humanity he regards neither its necessities nor its duties ; everything must needs bend to his caprice ; he becomes the centre of the life of those in subjection to him ; he *takes upon himself the attributes of God*, with all his frailties, all his errors, all his infirmities, upon his head ! I fear not to affirm it. There is no nature, how genial soever it may be, that can withstand such a trial. The man that can do what he will, will not be long content to will what he should. When desire need but to speak its pleasure to become accomplishment, fantastic caprices, evil sugges-

tions, mental aberrations spring up rankly, and too soon take the shapes of folly, of madness, or of crime.

Paris, May, 1850.

To a Young Convert.

BY T. WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

LULLED by sweet words, and lured by saintly charms,
I see thy weary, wandering steps begin
To enter where the Church spreads wide her arms ;
Arms that have clasped their many thousands in.

From turret-windows and from high-arched door
Looks many a face of saint and martyr dear,
“Hail, Eve’s lost daughter, * wanderer now no more,
Earth’s chill damp air shall never reach thee here !

“Here Dante, Bayard, Catherine dwelt in prayer ;
Come in, and let their great life make thee strong !”
But needs not that new Heaven refresh the air
Which even the loveliest lips have breathed too long ?

* *Exul filia Hevae.*

Come out upon the mountain tops with me !
See the glad day break o'er those spires of blue ;
There lies within those cloisters' perfumery
A deadlier poison than in darkest dew.

The orient sun, that in that templed span
Lit all of beauty saintliest eyes could see,
Still falls in blessing o'er the humblest man
Who works for Freedom with a heart set free.

In vain ; thou canst not ; yet thy cheeks grow pale,
While thy lips smile, and rapture lights thine eyes,
The lovely fascinations slow prevail,
And half thy life before the altar dies.

Will it die all ? I know not. I can wait.
The free air presses round the cloister door,
And I shall listen at that stern-barred gate
To hear thy sweet voice pray for life once more.

Newburyport, November, 1850.

“The Higher Law.”

BY JOHN W. BROWNE.

OUR citizens, since Mr. Webster's apostacy and the passage of the Fugitive Slave Bill, seem to be bitten with the madness of unconditional respect for unjust laws. They name it being recalled to a sound sense of their constitutional obligations; but it is nevertheless madness. What madness is like theirs, who affirm that kidnapping committed by a private citizen is punishable crime, but that kidnapping committed by a great nation is venerable law! The sanctity of law is its justice, its identity with the higher law, which is but another name for justice. In that thought is the law's respect in civil society, because it is the divine justice, enacted in the sphere of human life,

and not because it bears merely the name of law. Hear majestic Hooker speak of law in adequate words :— “ Of law nothing less must be confessed, than that her seat is the bosom of God, and her voice the harmony of the world. Everything in heaven and on earth does her homage ; the greatest as feeling her care, and the least as not exempted from her power ; both angels and men, and creatures of what sort soever, though each in different way and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her, as the mother of their peace and their joy.” Such and so venerable is righteous law.

But what shall a man say of this Fugitive Slave Bill, which has stolen the illustrious and venerable name of law, in order thereby to cheat us out of our respect ? The Fugitive Slave Bill is Lynch law, voted by a majority of the Congress of the United States, and approved by the President—that is all. Is Lynch law any more worthy of respect when enacted by the Legislature of the

United States, than when it sets up its extemporeaneous tribunals amidst the semi-barbarous society of the plantations? You cannot make anything out of the Fugitive Slave Bill, put what judicial construction upon it you please, but simply Lynch law, promoted from the wild domain of Slavery, to be a rule of right in all the borders of a great, enlightened republic, by a formal declaration of legislative will. That law is will, without right: it is Lynch law, wherever administered. Its courts are Lynch courts, its judges are Lynch judges. Cover it with the stolen cloak of respect, as you will, it is Lynch law, triumphant over the justice of a civilized community.

One would have expected the citizens to be sad about it: one would have expected that the public conscience would be visited with alarm, at the thought of carrying the law into effect, upon the persons of innocent men and women, living in the midst of us. We do not find such manifestations common. The chief of the citizens, the

most powerful statesman of his time and country, engages the conscience of the Free States to do the behests of this Lynch law "*with alacrity!*" Yea, even so, the great man gives, for Bible-reading New England, the atheistic pledge, that "its feet shall be swift in running to mischief." This evening, while my pen writes these words, the citizens are holding their meeting in Faneuil Hall, to demonstrate the proposition, that the Union, born of the Declaration of Independence more than three score and ten years ago, depends for its safety upon the supremacy of this Lynch law over New England conscience. If Washington could step from his canvass, down among the eloquent lawyers upon the platform, he would shortly answer all their speeches, by telling them, that if he and his great compeers had believed that Slavery would have persisted to maintain its hideous existence under the Constitution, till the year 1850, he and they would never have consented to form the Union as it is, but would have struck the compromises.

out of the Constitution as everlasting guilt and shame.

The Fugitive Slave Law of ninety-three had fallen into disuse, had grown obsolete, like the law against witchcraft, and to revive it now, after an interval of fifty-seven years, with aggravations, was a monstrous, and gratuitous inhumanity. The supposed necessities of the constitutional period might be pleaded for the old law of '93 ; and the understood pledge that Slavery was soon to be abolished throughout the country, did reconcile the revolutionary conscience to that. But what has this law of 1850 to say, in justification or excuse for its existence ? Constitutional Slavery was to be but a temporary institution — (Mr. Webster's speech in the Senate last spring demonstrates that) — but now this bill re-ordinates Slavery, acknowledges permanence for it, gives it an era. This Fugitive Slave Bill is the gratuitous and volunteer apostacy of representatives and senators from the Free States, not one of whom would have been

elected to office, if at the date of his election, such apostacy could have been imagined to be possible. The last session of Congress seems an incredible dream. Reaction must come and overwhelm this apostacy, and these apostates, or as a nation our light is gone out.

If this Fugitive Slave Bill, this Lynch law, can be executed in Massachusetts, in eighteen hundred and fifty, and take away a living soul from amongst us, back again to doom at the South, then what crime against the laws of the country can an individual commit, so dark as the crime which the country itself, by the execution of this law, shall have committed? What can the state of a country be that calls the enactment of such felonies law, and demands for them the respect of law-abiding citizens? Search out the wickedness of oppression from the creation of man upon this planet, down through the year now expiring, and match the deliberate wickedness of this law, with its parallel,

if you can. And it is to be executed upon a class of heroes, for none but heroic souls can be fugitives: escape being the only heroism which American Slavery allows its victims room for. What a country must we be, what an altar of Moloch, instead of a shrine of liberty, must this Union be, if it will thus doom heroic souls to the sacrifice. Such a union is sacrilege, is blasphemy, is crime not to be named among nations calling themselves Christian Commonwealths. If this law can be carried into effect here, we deserve the execrations of men; we deserve and must have (the universal God and father of the human race cannot live and spare us) solemn, signal, retributive, regenerative judgments. We must have the fate of the people that frames iniquity into a law, and sets its judges to decree unrighteous decrees. "Woe unto them that decree unrighteous decrees, and that write grievousness that they have prescribed." We may not now see where the woe is

to gather, so clear and cloudless seems our sky; but the woe shall gather, the exterminating thunder must come.

Let Thomas Jefferson speak for us here, in the tones of a Hebrew prophet: "What an incomprehensible machine is man! who can endure toil, famine, stripes, imprisonment, and death itself in vindication of his own liberty, and the next moment be deaf to all those motives whose power supported him through his trial, and inflict on his fellow-men a bondage, one hour of which is fraught with more misery than ages of that which he rose in rebellion to oppose. But we must wait with patience the workings of an overruling Providence, and hope that that is preparing the deliverance of these our suffering brethren. When the measure of their tears shall be full — when their tears shall have involved heaven itself in darkness — doubtless a God of justice will awaken to their distress, and by diffusing a light and

liberality among their oppressors, or at length by his exterminating thunders manifest his attention to things in this world, and that they are not left to the guidance of blind fatality.” But the new born Union patriotism of 1850, accounts words like these, as fanaticism, or “malignant philanthropy.” The new patriotism knows not, it will not know the higher law.

How impressive is the old Hebrew national history. Prophets wrote it. It never left God out of the account. God is in it everywhere, dealing justice, meting out national calamity to national sin. “The Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men” is its one proposition, explaining everything, enforcing everything, sanctifying everything, as lesson of warning or encouragement. National results in it are only the procession of God’s Providence in human affairs, as the seasons are his procession in gravitating nature. What a wail is Hebrew national history! “Ah and alas!

we have sinned, therefore have we suffered." By the rivers of Babylon the nation must sit down, and weep when it remembers Zion, because when it rejoiced in Zion, it would not remember Zion's God, to do his law—*the higher law* which our country laughs to scorn, or defies, or, having transgressed so long, seems struck with fatal blindness not to see. The higher law—God's justice! Will this country ridicule it, defy it, leave it out of the national account? That higher law lives in spite of us—we have no power to alter it—it abides—if we will go along with it, well; if we will not, it goes over us—but go on it will. We illustrate it by obedience, or by disobedience—we have no power but to conform to it—we may go with it voluntarily, or be dragged after it in penance, that is the extent of our free will: if not our choice, then it must be our fate. By the constitution of God's moral universe our nation is to account, though we may

dream of reckoning our annals by the Constitution of the United States, without God. By the higher law are all national affairs settled, all balances struck, all dooms sealed, after the due time.

Boston, November, 1850.

The Gospel of Freedom.

WHEN SHALL IT BE PREACHED?

BY SAMUEL MAY, JR.

[The following is a portion of a letter, which was written to correct a misapprehension of the objects of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and particularly of the manner in which the proceeds of the Anti-Slavery Bazaar are appropriated.]

* * * You say, Sir, that you have lately heard that one great object and use of the Fair is to employ agents who lecture on the Sabbath as well as on other days, and during the usual hours of service,— and sometimes against the usual observance of the Sabbath; and that, if this is true, you cannot conscientiously contribute to the Fair. To this I reply:

The Bazaar is held expressly and solely, after paying the necessary expenses, for the benefit of

the American Anti-Slavery Society. The operations of that Society may be classed as follows: First, to sustain and circulate as extensively as possible its organ, the National Anti-Slavery Standard. Second, to print and circulate valuable tracts and documents on the question of Slavery in all its aspects, and on none other. And, third, to sustain Agents, who shall be the living preachers of Anti-Slavery truth to this guilty Nation. These agents proclaim this truth whenever and wherever they can find "ears to hear." On Sundays and week-days, summer and winter, in season and (as it may appear to an indifferent observer) out of season, they have preached, are preaching, and with God's help will continue to preach it, until the Nation brings forth fruits meet for repentance, by proclaiming "deliverance to the captive," and by "setting at liberty them that are bruised." But that it is any part of the work of these agents, as marked out by the Association they represent, or as actually performed by them-

selves, to "speak against the usual observance of the Sabbath," if by that you mean a stated observance of Sunday for the worship of God, &c., I utterly deny; and the statement that they do so is untrue, so far as my knowledge and experience go,—and these have been somewhat extensive, in regard to this subject, during the past four years. But if you mean that these agents "speak against" the observance of the Sabbath by persons who pay tithe of mint, anise, and cummin, while they omit those weightier matters of the law, justice, mercy, and faith,—by persons who make long prayers while they devour widows' houses,—by persons who justify Slavery from the Bible and preach the scriptural duty of returning the Fugitive Slave to his master,—I admit the correctness of your remark. The hypocrisy and worthlessness of such Sunday observance is often exposed by us. But if this is not your meaning, your charge that the Anti-Slavery agents speak against the Sabbath, at their Anti-Slavery meetings, is without foundation.

They do not discuss or raise the question of the nature and obligation of the Sabbath in the Anti-Slavery meetings. The funds of the Bazaar are appropriated, and expended for no such object.

* * * Am I mistaken in thinking that the bare fact of our assembling *at all*, on Sunday, for the Anti-Slavery cause, and of our rebuking those stated "solemn meetings" where the "iniquity" of Slavery is not declared, nay, is not even recognised, is the real ground of objection against us?

* * * Reflection and experience have combined to show me that never were Sundays better spent than by those men and women, who, in this land of ours, sincerely devote them to the Anti-Slavery word and work. I know no work more entirely Christian; I know no truer gospel-preaching in the land. I have no confidence or belief in that being *gospel*-preaching, which does not, in this land, make the Anti-Slavery cause an essential and

prominent element and feature. I know no worship of God which is genuine, or which He will accept, where the people do not cleanse their hands from blood, put away the evil of their doings, seek justice, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, and plead for the widow. In the Anti-Slavery meeting, we strive to render this honest and true worship ; and to *preach the Gospel*, according to our ability, with something of the fidelity and fearlessness which the times require. We do not—for we honestly cannot—spare those “wolves in sheep’s clothing” to whom the hungry sheep look up, and are not fed—who will *not* cry aloud and spare not, who will *not* show this people their transgressions and their sins. We do not fail to say that a religion, which is defective in these particulars, is false, and fatal to the soul’s life. As we honor Christ, and love his truth, and have faith in the efficacy of his pure Gospel, must we in the same degree protest against every such corruption and perversion thereof ; and if the

people will follow blind guides, to their own destruction, their blood shall not be in our skirts. If this is an abuse or misuse of Sunday, we are ready to be convinced wherein it is so. With our present convictions, we cannot fear to stand before the bar of God and let Him decide who is most truly making the Sabbath honorable, and who is best using the Sunday and its opportunities, the friends or the foes of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

Knowing, as we do, the deeply-rooted prejudice of our people against any other appropriation of Sunday than the customary one, we frequently employ a portion of the time, in our Anti-Slavery meetings—not in discussing the Sabbath question—not in preaching Anti-Sabbatarianism—but in showing that, be our views of the Sabbath and its obligation what they may, let them be never so strict, even requiring us to regard the hours of Sunday as especially holy, still we can find no higher or worthier use for them, none more

in accordance with the great purpose of Christianity, than in public and in private to do all that in us lies, that the victims of this Nation's tyranny, lust and avarice may be delivered from their terrible bondage, and established in the possession of those common and "inalienable" rights and blessings which belong to them as much as to us. This we conceive to be Christianity — Sabbath-keeping — Divine Service — True Worship, in a high and worthy sense. We would not exchange them for any other we see, or know of, in the region round about. They are not popular, we know, but quite the reverse. We do not love them the less for that; and we trust in God that we shall never be so cowardly or so tempted as to forsake his whole law, and our whole duty to our enslaved, despoiled, cruelly-entreated brothers and sisters. And if for these views, and this use, of Sunday, we are to lose the sympathy and co-operation of professed Anti-Slavery men and women, it is not for us, but for them, to justify their course

and their position, before the Slave and before God.

* * * I regard the custom of setting aside Sunday for moral and religious purposes as highly salutary ; something of the kind I believe to be necessary. I see, with heartfelt sorrow, and often with indignation, that the best uses of the day are lost in the blind superstition which thinks that *sabbath-keeping*, in the popular idea, will be accounted to us for righteousness. I see that man is now sacrificed to the Sabbath, instead of the Sabbath being used for man. I see the bigoted religionist excluding from his Sabbath the topics of Anti-Slavery, temperance, and in general the vindication of man's individual and social rights, as being *secular* subjects, unsuited to that *holy* day. Such a religion is my utter aversion. I would hold the Anti-Slavery meeting on Sunday, if no other reason existed, in order to bear my witness against so gross and fatal a corruption of the mind and doctrine of Jesus Christ.

[NOTE.—It is no less proper, than it is pleasant, to add that the friend to whom the above was addressed, in a following letter said,—“My purpose is changed, in one respect, by the reflections to which this correspondence has led. In view of the magnitude of the whole work and whole duty, I will not stand in the way of such an enterprise as the ‘Bazaar’ aids, nor counsel the withdrawing of any aid that can be rendered it.” Would to God that a like candor and benevolence might induce the thousands, who occupy similar posts of influence over the public mind and conscience, to form the same resolve, and give it life in action.]

Leicester, December, 1850.

A Glance over the Field.

BY REV. GEORGE ARMSTRONG.

[Extract of a recent Letter to an American Friend.]

How often I have been mentally present with you—mentally conversing with you—during the eventful period of the months just passed! For Europe and for America—for the whole earth therefore—hardly any equal period has existed, more fraught with good or evil to the human race. The French *denouement*, not *yet* developed;—as Byron said of Wellington, “Saviour of Europe, not *yet saved*;”—the Russian invasion of magnificent Hungary!—the Papal restoration and Church re-action! Just now, decrepit Austria, by the revived diet under *her* influence, decreeing coercion of the Constitutional Hessians,—and

Prussia making no sign!! The whole heart of Europe under the fangs of a re-actionary despotism ; and even British influence and power, within her own domestic bounds, set at nought by a Priesthood in Ireland, in league with Jesuit Rome against the light of knowledge ! In short, where, looking to Europe alone, are we to end the catalogue of apparent ills ?

And then, — turning our view Westward, — alas, how the heart bleeds at the thought of the consummated wickedness but just enacted on the soil once imagined to be the only hope and home left for crushed humanity ! But how powerless are words !

We are both, no doubt, in the same mind ; — trustful of ultimate good, because we *believe that God lives.* But with what intermediate trials to the good, and sufferings to the wretched, who but God may know ! Proximately, we are asking ourselves, what next ? Will Northern America endure the dreadful policy of COMPROMISE ? the

terrific *prudence* of her Websters and her *practical* Statesmen?—or, will Europe lie down quiescent in the awful abyss to which events have recently consigned her? My hope, my belief, is—that IDEAS have struck a root which no despotism can pluck up. And because the struggle, though specifically different, is generically like, with you and with us—but with *you* more personal and close—therefore to you, my friend, and your fellow-workers, be all honor for the aid you have given, and are giving, in the propagation and diffusion of those sturdy and imperishable IDEAS. Heaven bless your work, and strengthen and succor the hearts and hands united with yours in carrying it on.

Bristol, England, October, 1850.

National Hymn.

BY DAVID LEE CHILD.

God hath from age to age,
Raised hero up and sage,
For Liberty ;
He bared the Red Sea's sand,
He led to Plymouth's strand,
And planted in this Western land,
The Fathers free.

Eternal ! low we bow,
This land invokes thee now,
The children hear !
May wrong and outrage cease,
Wisdom and worth increase,
Be justice, truth and faith and peace
Than gold more dear.

Aught friendly to our race,
Quicken our souls to embrace
With will right good.

May we great God in thee,
One common Father see ;
In man one great fraternity,
Made of one blood !

Us Father thou hast given
The highest under Heaven
To rise or fall.

Let this Republic shine
With rising light benign,
And thus fulfil the grand design,

THE GOOD OF ALL.

West Newton, December, 1850.

The Great Apostate.

BY WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

In a speech delivered in Niblo's Garden, New York, in 1837, DANIEL WEBSTER said, with an emphasis which elicited from the vast assembly almost deafening cheers, — “On the general question of Slavery, a great portion of the community is already strongly excited. The question has not only attracted attention as a question of polities, but it has struck a far deeper chord. **IT HAS ARRESTED THE RELIGIOUS FEELING OF THE COUNTRY;** **IT HAS TAKEN STRONG HOLD OF THE CONSCIENCES OF MEN.** *He is a rash man, indeed, little conversant with human nature, and especially has he a very erroneous estimate of the character of the people of this country, who supposes that a feeling*

of this kind is to be trifled with or despised.
IT WILL ASSUREDLY CAUSE ITSELF
TO BE RESPECTED. It may be reasoned
with; it may be made willing—I believe it is
entirely willing—to fulfil all existing engagements
and all existing duties; to uphold and defend the
Constitution as it is established, with whatever
regrets about some provisions which it does
actually contain. But, *to coerce it into silence—*
to endeavor to restrain its free expression—
to seek to compress and confine it, warm as it is,
and more heated as such endeavors would
inevitably render it— should all this be attempted,
I KNOW NOTHING IN THE CONSTITUTION, OR IN
THE UNION ITSELF, WHICH WOULD NOT BE
ENDANGERED BY THE EXPLOSION WHICH MIGHT
FOLLOW.”

This estimate of the spirit which animates and
controls the Anti-Slavery movement is justified by
all the facts connected with the rise and progress
of that movement.

Slavery is not only inhuman and anti-christian, but **ATHEISTICAL**, in the most depraved sense of that term. Indeed, there has never been any other form of atheism, as a system, known to the world. This is none the less true, because Slaveholders profess to revere God, to believe in Christ, and to receive the Bible as an inspired volume. Their religious profession only deepens their condemnation, and makes their daily practice all the more appalling. In respect to those whom they have chattelized, their conduct is thoroughly atheistical.

Exalting themselves "above all that is called God," they claim and exercise absolute authority over their victims, to the annihilation of all personality. A Slave is one who must have no other God than his master—no higher law than the will of him who claims him as his property; whose intellect must not be developed; whose conscience is not to be governed by moral considerations; whose soul may lay no claim to immortality. In Slavery, all human ties are

abrogated ; the parent has no child, the child no parent ; there is neither father nor mother, neither husband nor wife, neither brother nor sister ; no genealogical descent or relationship is recognised. Hence the appearance in the southern journals of advertisements like the following :— “ Will be sold on Monday and Tuesday, the second and third day of December next, . . . all the right, title, and interest of the subscriber, in and to the contents of a Country Store, consisting of a quantity of Dry Goods, Shoes, Umbrellas, Medicines, Hardware, Wines, Champagne Cider, and a variety of other articles. *Also, three Negroes, Levinia and her two children.* *Also, a Horse, Carriage, Dray, and Cart.*” What is this but a bold denial of the accountability and immortality of those who are created “ in the image of God ” ?

Now if Christianity has any work to accomplish, surely it is the utter subversion of an atheistical system like this ; if the religious sentiment is to be arrayed against any form of iniquity, it must

be against this, which is unparalleled for its enormity.

Since the advent of the Founder of Christianity, no effort for the melioration of the condition of man has been more largely imbued with the religious element, in its purest and most vital form, than the Anti-Slavery movement. This declaration may astonish, and even shock, some who have been taught, by their religious teachers, to regard this movement as disorganizing in its tendencies and infidel in its spirit. Are not the Abolitionists everywhere stigmatized as infidels, fanatics, incendiaries, madmen—equally hostile to the peace of the nation and the stability of the Christian Church? Yes—but this stigma is not less malignant than was the accusation brought against Jesus—“He casteth out devils through Beelzebub, the chief of the devils We found this fellow perverting the nation, and forbidding to give tribute to Cesar He stirreth up the people, teaching throughout all

Jewry, beginning from Galilee to this place." In what manner, in any age, is true piety best authenticated? Not by professions of reverence for dead saints or heroes; not by conformity to the usages of popular religion; not by the observance of rites and ceremonies, or of times and seasons; not by the surrender of reason to arbitrary authority, or of conscience to ecclesiastical dictation; not by a dread of dissent, or fear of change, or dislike of investigation; not by making public opinion the standard of action, or what is customary the rule of duty; not by exclaiming, "Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name done many wonderful works?" These things are easily said and done. The test is in regarding principles more than persons, the present more than the past, truth more than tradition, humanity more than parchment; in refusing to go with the multitude in any evil way; in letting the dead bury their dead; in stemming the tide of popular corruption, arraigning unjust laws, exciting

the fury of the oppressor, returning good for evil, and living above that “fear of man which bringeth a snare ;” in being willing to be made of no reputation, and to suffer the loss of all things, for righteousness’ sake.

Consider, now, the actual condition of the colored population in this country : despised, shunned, insulted, outraged, enslaved, by common consent, with deliberate purpose, systematically and perseveringly, by all that is respectable, wealthy, and powerful—by all that is vulgar, brutal, and fiendish ! They are universally treated as a leprous race on account of their complexion ; so that to such of them as are nominally free, nearly every avenue to political and social equality, to wealth and station, to learning and improvement, is closed ; and it is deemed ridiculous and impudent for them to aspire to be anything else than the hewers of wood and drawers of water for their white contemners. The great body of them registered with cattle and

swine, and stripped of all their rights as human beings, to interpose for their deliverance is to come in collision with a spirit more unrelenting, murderous, and God-defying, than any other that ever assumed the despotic form, and which rules this whole nation "with a rod of iron."

Again, consider the degradation, helplessness, and utter destitution of these oppressed millions. They are ignorant, and cannot read; in a hopeless minority as to physical strength; cut off from all correspondence even with those who desire to befriend them; without anything in the world that they can call their own;—hence, the espousal of their cause requires rare disinterestedness, as well as great moral courage.

Consider, moreover, that in the immediate presence of the Slave Power, no one can demand the liberation of its victims, or enter his protest against their enslavement, except at the imminent peril of his life. So dreadful is that Power, that, of a thousand pulpits on its soil, not one has the

martyr-spirit to confront it—of a thousand churches, whether Catholic, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist, or Methodist, not one has the courage to unchristianize it. No meetings can be held to discuss the question of human rights, in relation to the Slave population; no press is tolerated, that speaks out boldly and uncompromisingly against making man the property of man; a dead silence is everywhere enforced, a gag is put into every mouth, except when Slavery is to be defended, or the friends of impartial liberty are to be denounced. Not only are there the severest legal penalties to be incurred by agitating the subject, but outrage and death in their most appalling forms, by what is called the “lynch” process. No parallel to this state of society can be found in any despotic government on earth.

Consider, finally, that by its professed expounders and teachers in this country, generally, Christianity has been made to sanction the right to “trade in slaves and the souls of men,” to any

extent! Yes, in the Law given by Moses, in the Gospel as promulgated by Christ, they maintain that divine authority is given to one portion of the human family to enslave another!* Hence, to own a thousand Slaves is no barrier to religious fellowship, no stain upon the Christian profession, no cause for church discipline. Hence it is common for ministers and church members at the South to be Slaveholders; and none are more angry than they at any proposition for emancipation, or more ready to instigate the infliction of summary and cruel punishment on any one suspected of being an Abolitionist.*

It is under such circumstances, that Slavery must be assailed — with the certainty of no reward on the part of its victims, as they have nothing to give, and know not when or by whom their claims are advocated — with the certainty of being derided, caricatured, hated, calumniated, in the North, and tarred and feathered, or hung, at the

* See Notes at the end of the article.

South—with the certainty of being branded with “infidelity,” and charged with rejecting the Bible, in all parts of the country!

Now, then, when was it ever known that bad men became the advocates of suffering humanity, in the midst of fiery trials like these? Never! If an unfaltering faith in the promises of God—the deepest sympathy with Christ, and love for his character—were ever demanded or exemplified, it has been in the prosecution of the Anti-Slavery movement, from its commencement to the present hour. As, on the other side of the Atlantic, in the struggle for the abolition of British West India Slavery, the purest, the most disinterested, the most philanthropic, the most truly pious, rallied together; so, on this side, the same elements have mingled for the deliverance of a much larger number from bondage, but through tribulation and peril unknown abroad. The men and the women whom God has inspired to demand liberty for the enslaved in this land are worthy of the apostolic

age. They need no defence. The position which they serenely maintain in the midst of a scoffing and merciless nation — feared, abhorred, proscribed by the pharisaical, the powerful, and the despotic — howled at and hunted by the lewd, the profane, and the riotous — honored and blest by the suffering and the oppressed — is their noblest eulogy. They are neither fanatical nor mad, neither foolish nor ignorant, neither violent nor impracticable, but speak “the words of truth and soberness,” plainly and unequivocally. They ask nothing more than that liberty may be “proclaimed throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof.” As friends, neighbors, citizens — in all the relations and duties of life — they have no cause to shrink from a comparison with their traducers. In their company, the ungodly take no delight. It is their aim to keep their consciences void of offence toward God and toward man. Nor is the abolition of Slavery the only enterprise in which their sympathies are enlisted. The tem-

perance cause has no more thorough and reliable supporters ; they constitute the backbone of the peace enterprise, in its radical form ; in all the reform movements of the age, they feel a friendly interest. For the last twenty years, they have been “a spectacle to angels and to men”—but where is the evidence of their misconduct to be found, except in opening their mouths for the suffering and the dumb ? The cry of “fanaticism” and “infidelity” against them is raised to divert attention from the true issue, to excite popular odium, and to hide conscious guilt. Their fanaticism is all embraced in the American Declaration of Independence : they are infidel to the Slave Power, and will not bow down to a corrupt public sentiment. What motive, but reverence for God and love for Man, could have induced them to take their position by the side of the imbruted slave ? Were they not connected with the various religious sects and political parties,—clinging to these with characteristic tenacity, and

highly esteemed for their zeal and fidelity? And what have they not yielded to their convictions of duty, their regard for principle, their love of right? The ties of sect and of party, reputation, the hope of worldly preferment, pecuniary interest, personal safety, in some instances life itself. They are intelligently and deeply religious, without cant or pretence; but neither expect nor desire any recognition of their Christian character on the part of a people "whose feet run to evil, and who make haste to shed innocent blood."

When, therefore, Mr. Webster—thirteen years ago—confessed that the subject of Slavery had "taken strong hold on the consciences of men," and "arrested the religious feeling of the country," his vision was clear, his understanding sound, his testimony true; when he admonished those who listened to him, that "a feeling of this kind was not to be trifled with or despised," but would "assuredly cause itself to be respected," he uttered a sentiment which cannot be too deeply

impressed upon the public mind, and especially upon the legislation of the country, at the present time; when he declared, as his conviction, that "to coerce it into silence, to endeavor to restrain its free expression, to seek to compress and confine it, there is nothing even in the Constitution, or in the Union itself, which would not be endangered by the explosion that might follow," he evinced a familiar acquaintance with the martyr history of the ages, and showed a deep insight into human nature. For as the Anti-Slavery movement rests on an eternal basis, and challenges the support of all those who fear God, it is sure in the end to triumph; and in proportion to the resistance made against it will be the convulsion attending its irresistible progress. Nothing can overturn it, nothing hold it back. Governmental edicts for its suppression will be as chaff before the whirlwind; compromises and combinations to deceive or crush it will all be in vain. If American Slavery can be perpetuated, then there is no essential difference

between a man and a beast ; then every form of despotism may continue to the end of time ; then Christ has died in vain ; then the Creator is weaker than the creature whom he has made.

Within the last twelve months, a radical change appears to have taken place in the feelings and sentiments of Mr. Webster on the subject of Slavery. No case of apostacy is comparable to it since the days of Judas Iscariot. In view of it, conscientious and enlightened men of all sects and parties are filled with sadness and amazement. There is nothing to mitigate its turpitude — no assignable cause for it, except the desperate hope of filling the Presidential Chair as the reward of the blackest treachery to the cause of Liberty.

On the seventh of March, 1850, in his place in the Senate of the United States, at a crisis when every blow struck for Freedom was of incalculable importance — when the slightest defection from the path of rectitude was pregnant with momentous

consequences — Mr. Webster threw off the mask, turned his back upon the free North, humbled himself even to the dust in the presence of the Slave Power, and has ever since been prostituting his great powers to the work of crushing the Anti-Slavery spirit of the age ! It is not for him any longer to exclaim, “Where shall I go ?” He has reached the lowest depths of moral depravity. He may boast that he “takes no steps backwards” — his strides from Plymouth Rock to Carolina lead as surely to perdition. There are steps downwards as well as backwards.

“ Since he, miscalled the Morning Star,
Nor man, nor fiend, hath fallen so far.”

To sustain this grave impeachment, a brief reference to the sentiments avowed in his recent speeches and letters must suffice, the limits necessarily assigned to an article for a Souvenir like this forbidding an extended review.

There is no man who has professed higher

veneration for the memories and deeds of our Pilgrim Fathers and Revolutionary Sires than Mr. Webster. The names of Carver, and Standish, and Bradford — of Washington, and Hancock, and Warren — are ever on his lips. He was the chosen Orator of Liberty at the laying of the Monumental Corner-Stone on Bunker Hill. He is one of twenty millions of people, who are never weary in extolling the Declaration of Independence. Yet, to reconcile the whole country to the most hideous system of oppression attainable, he says — as though ancient villany were time-honored virtue — “We all know that Slavery has existed in the world from time immemorial.” And it is not less certain that the spirit of violence and murder has prevailed ever since Cain slew his brother Abel! Ought all efforts therefore to be frowned upon, which aim to promote peace on earth and good will among men? “There was Slavery,” he continues, “in the earliest periods of history, in the Oriental nations.” The best of

all reasons why it should no longer be suffered to curse any portion of the earth. "There was Slavery among the Jews: the theocratic government of that people made no injunction against it."

As Mr. Webster doubtless regards that form of government as having proceeded directly from God, he means to be understood as saying that God regarded with approbation the act of his chosen people in reducing others to chattel bondage! What, then, becomes of free agency, conscience, reason, accountability? Where are the inalienable rights of man? At what period did it become a "self-evident truth, that all men are created equal"? The imputation thus cast upon Him "who has made of one blood all nations of men," and "whose tender mercies are over all the works of his hand," is ever to be repelled as in the highest degree impious. The nature of man has been the same in all ages, and it has ever rebelled against oppression. God never yet made a human being for the chains and stripes of

servitude. Over the head of the oppressor, the clouds of divine retribution are constantly impending, and his doom is sealed.

To the assertion, that "there was Slavery among the Jews," we reply that, if so, it was because they forsook "the ordinances of justice," and "built high the places of Tophet." Why did Mr. Webster forget to inform the senatorial body whom he was addressing, that these Jewish oppressors were admonished and rebuked by their prophets (the Abolitionists of their times) in the following style:—"Seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow"—"Loose the bands of wickedness, undo the heavy burdens, let the oppressed go free, break every yoke."

Not satisfied with staining the Law with cruel injustice, Mr. Webster proceeds to sully the Gospel. He says:—"At the introduction of Christianity into the world, the Roman world was full of Slaves; and I suppose there is to be found

no injunction against that relation between man and man, [i. e. the relation of one man as a piece of property to another man as the owner of it!] in the teachings of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, or any of his Apostles." The meaning of this language is, that Christianity lays no prohibition upon the strong enslaving the weak; and the object of this reference is, to soothe the troubled conscience of this nation, by making Slavery and the Gospel compatible with each other! No marvel, therefore, that, in this besotted state of mind, Mr. Webster denies that there is any such thing as absolute justice, and sneeringly says—"There are men who are of opinion, that human duties may be ascertained with the exactness of mathematics. They deal with morals as with mathematics, and they think what is right may be distinguished from what is wrong with the precision of an algebraic question." Hence, there are no natural relations of life—no permanent rules of justice—no fixed and immutable laws of God!

Morality is a shifting sand-bar, which makes safe navigation at all times difficult ! Right differs so little from Wrong, in its spirit, aspect, and claims, that it is extremely difficult to determine wherein they conflict ! This is a very convenient doctrine for one who has put principle under his feet, and thrown away his manhood to gratify a wicked ambition ; but in theory it is atheistical, in practice profligate, and in its consequences appalling.

However perplexing in casuistry some questions may be, there are such things as "self-evident truths" — there are some human duties too plain to be mistaken. **THE SLAVE IS A MAN !**

"Though by his brother bought and sold,
And beat, and scourged, and a' that,
His wrongs can ne'er be felt nor told,
Yet he's a man, for a' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
His body chained, and a' that,
The image of his God remains —
THE SLAVE'S A MAN, FOR A' THAT !"

In him, therefore, the Divine image is to be revered, not desecrated ; his rights are all that pertain to any human being ; to enslave him is to be guilty of man-stealing.

But, in the estimation of Mr. Webster, the Slave is nothing — three millions of Slaves are nothing — nothing, certainly, humanly considered — nothing but personal property, and only as such worthy of any solicitude — nothing deserving of prayer or effort for their deliverance ! His sympathies, affinities, energies, associations, are wholly with their remorseless oppressors. He sees nothing in Slavery reproachful to the character, injurious to the prosperity, or dangerous to the stability of the Republic : it is the effort making to abolish it that alarms and inflames him ! Of the Anti-Slavery societies he says, without qualification — “ I do not think them useful. I think their operations for the last twenty years have produced nothing good or valuable . . . I cannot but see what mischiefs their interference with the

South has produced . . . The result of it has been, not to enlarge, but to restrain, not to set free, but to bind faster the Slave population of the South. That is my judgment." The very language of the dealers in human flesh, who are aiming to eternize Slavery on the American soil; who are eager to imbrue their hands in the blood of the Abolitionists; who turn pale whenever they hear their crimes alluded to, and become frantic at the sight of an Anti-Slavery publication! The charge is alike absurd and monstrous.

It is in this cool, oracular, and audacious manner that Mr. Webster, from his high position, pours contempt and scorn upon the tears of the sympathizing, the prayers of the afflicted, the labors of the philanthropic. If it were in his power, he would disband every Anti-Slavery Society, and suppress all discussion of the subject of Slavery. According to his miserable logic, to demand justice for the wronged, liberty for the enslaved, is the very way to perpetuate injustice and to prolong

human servitude. How, then, would he abolish the Slave system? Let him answer:—"As it has existed in the country, and as it now exists, I have expressed no opinion of the mode of its extinguishment or amelioration . . . I have nothing to propose on that subject." Profound statesman! But on one point he feels himself competent to act:—"If any gentleman from the South shall propose a scheme of COLONIZATION, to be carried on by this government upon a large scale for the transportation of **FREE** colored people to any Colony or any place in the world, I should be quite disposed to incur almost any degree of expense to accomplish that object"!!—an object dastardly, unjust, inhuman, to the last degree—an object which the Slaveholding perpetualists have for more than thirty years sought to accomplish, through deception, violence, and persecution, for the purpose of holding their victims more securely in bondage!—Mr. Webster prides himself upon his title of "Defender of the Con-

stitution." In what article or clause of that instrument can he find any warrant, on the part of Congress, to expend any portion of the national revenue in transporting to other lands citizens of this country on account of their freedom and the hue of their skin? Accumulated shame upon him for such a proposition!

"New England, it is well known," says Mr. Webster, "is the chosen seat of the Abolition presses and the Abolition societies." Why should it not be? The struggle for the abolition of Slavery is a moral one, and the moral power of this nation lies chiefly in New England. "Here it is, principally," continues this distinguished scoffer, "that the former cheer the morning by full columns of lamentations over the fate of human beings free by nature, and by a law above the Constitution, — but sent back, nevertheless, chained and manacled, to Slavery and to stripes; and the latter refresh themselves from daily toil by orgies of the night devoted to the same outpourings

of philanthropy — mingling all the while their anathemas at what they call ‘man-catching’ *with the most horrid and profane abjurations of the Christian Sabbath*, and, indeed, *of the whole Divine Revelation*. They sanctify their philanthropy *by irreligion and profanity*; they manifest their charity *by contempt of God and his commandments.*”

Examine this whole extract. Can its parallel be found on the score of insensibility to human degradation and suffering, as experienced by the poor imbruted Slave — of misrepresentation and calumny of thousands of as intelligent, virtuous, humane, and Christian men and women as were ever united to extend the reign of justice and mercy — and at the same time of affected regard for the cause of religion? Where has so much of barbarity, malice, falsehood, and cant ever been compressed into so small a compass? There is Satanic skill in the grouping of its several parts. *He* talk of the “Christian Sabbath,” of rever-

encing a day, who looks with complacency upon the desecration of the image of God, and mocks at the "lamentations" which are raised by the pure and tender-hearted over lacerated bodies, and darkened minds, and ruined souls! *He* talk of "Divine Revelation," who affirms that the Gospel of Jesus Christ contains no injunction against turning men, women, and children into chattels personal! *He* concerned for the honor of God and the keeping of his commandments, who laughs at the idea of a "higher law" than that enacted at the last session of Congress for the re-capture of Fugitive Slaves, and with whom allegiance to a blood-stained compact is the end of the law for righteousness! Marvellous assurance!

As for the charge, that the Abolition Societies of New England indulge in "the most horrid and profane abjurations of the Christian Sabbath," it is utterly and inexcusably false. Mr. Webster is challenged to produce a particle of evidence to substantiate it. Let him show when or where any

one of those societies ever used the abjurations alleged, or stand before the world a convicted libeller. In regard to their members, they are composed of persons differing more or less as to their religious opinions, (like the temperance and peace societies,) but united for one common object — the liberation of the fettered bondman. They have never entertained for discussion, they have never adopted any other question than that which relates legitimately to their enterprise. Without attempting to determine an extraneous subject, — whether the first, or seventh, or any other day is peculiarly holy time, — they unite in sentiment with the Great Teacher, that “it is lawful to do well on the Sabbath day,” and therefore commendable in the sight of God to endeavor to extricate on that day the millions of our countrymen who are perishing in the pit of Slavery. As for “horrid and profane abjurations,” they leave all such to be made by those, who, like Mr. Webster, “strike hands with thieves, and consent with

adulterers"; who, being on the side of tyranny, have neither argument nor fact wherewith to justify themselves; whose weapons of defence are lies and forgeries, sophistries and shams, tar and feathers, brickbats and rotten eggs, pistols and bowie knives; who hunt for the life of him who pleads for those who are appointed to destruction, and riotously trample all law and order under their feet. It is this wicked accuser and his man-stealing confederates — not Abolitionists, nor Abolition Societies — who manifest "contempt of God and his commandments," and whose "irreligion and profanity," intemperance and lewdness, are corrupting the nation.

In 1837, when his vision was clear and his judgment sound, Mr. Webster could testify that it was "the religious feeling of the country" that was struggling for the overthrow of Slavery, and could do homage to it. In 1850, now that he has openly apostatized from the cause of Freedom, he brands that feeling as irreligious and profane,

makes its "lamentations" over the woes of the Slaves a subject of merriment, treats it as "a spirit of faction and disunion, of discord, crimination, and recrimination," and stigmatizes those who are animated by its spirit "shallow, ignorant, and factious men"! Nay, more — as for the general excitement against Slavery, it is utterly inexplicable to him! "I suspect all this," he says, with feigned ignorance of its cause and aim, "to be the effect of that wandering and vagrant philanthropy which disturbs and annoys all that is present, in time or place, by heating the imagination on subjects distant, remote, and uncertain (!) . . . A spirit should prevail, which shall look more to things important and real, and less to things ideal and abstract (!) . . . I shall support no agitations having their foundations in unreal, ghostly abstractions (!) . . . May my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, before it may utter any sentiment which shall increase the agitation in the public mind on such a subject!"

The “wandering and vagrant philanthropy” which so “disturbs and annoys” Mr. Webster is kindred to that which was manifested by Jesus and his disciples, eighteen hundred years ago, to the consternation and displeasure of scribe, pharisee, and ruler; for which the memories of HOWARD, OBERLIN, WILBERFORCE, CLARKSON, and other illustrious benefactors of their race, are now venerated; and which makes human redemption the absorbing object of its solicitude. It does not “heat the imagination”—it warms the heart. It “wanders” only to save—it is “vagrant” only as it is persecuted from city to city. It is not, (as is foolishly alleged by Mr. Webster,) that it looks to “things ideal and abstract,” that it creates general uneasiness: it is, that it deals with “things important and real,” and calls for the suppression of old abuses.

What can be more preposterous than the assertion, that the Anti-Slavery agitation has its foundations “in unreal, ghostly abstractions”?

Is the Slave system or the Slave code an abstraction? Are whips and chains, padlocks and thumb-screws, branding-irons and blood-hounds, "unreal abstractions"? Are Slaveholders, Slave-breeders and buyers, overseers and drivers, only "ghostly" illusions? It would be much to his credit if Mr. Webster should let his tongue cleave to the roof of his mouth, rather than to use it so absurdly and basely.

In one breath, he asserts that "the Slavery question New England can interfere with only as a meddler: she has no more to do with it than she has to do with the municipal government of a city on the island of Cuba"! In the next, he insists that constitutional safeguards should be thrown around that system as much by Massachusetts as by Georgia; that no fugitive Slave should receive food or raiment, or any protection whatever, in all the free North; that such as have escaped from the southern house of bondage ought to have long since been arrested and returned to their mas-

ters ; and that to be the abettors and allies of the traffickers in human flesh should be regarded by the people of the Free States as “a duty, an affair of high morals and high principles” ! This incoherency of the brain is the consequence of depravity of the heart.

How Mr. Webster stands in southern estimation is not a doubtful matter. Where on that blood-stained soil a true, out-spoken friend of Freedom would be instantly lynched, he is regarded with favor, and greeted with applause. At the present time, the South relies on him for the protection of her “peculiar institution” more than on any other man in the nation — not excepting Henry Clay.

At the North, the supporters and admirers of Mr. Webster are those who have bought him with a price — those who pay that homage to rare intellect, however perverted, which is essentially devil-worship — those who bow down at the shrine of Mammon, and believe in a trinity made up of “the gold eagle, the silver dollar, and the copper

cent" — those who have "stolen the livery of the court of heaven" wherein to serve the great adversary — those who are profane, drunken, lewd, riotous.

In May last, the American Anti-Slavery Society attempted to hold its sixteenth anniversary in New York. Its meetings were invaded and broken up by a band of rioters utterly lost to shame, led on by the notorious ruffian "Capt. Isaiah Rynders," and connived at by the city authorities. In the midst of their profanity, obscenity, and violence, they repeatedly gave three cheers — for whom? For **DANIEL WEBSTER!**

On the fifteenth of November, 1850, an immense meeting of the friends of international amity and universal emancipation, drawn together spontaneously from all parts of New England, was held in Faneuil Hall, Boston, to welcome the arrival to these shores, after an absence of fifteen years, of **GEORGE THOMPSON**, the noble advocate of impartial liberty, the present distinguished member of the

British Parliament for the Tower Hamlets, London. That meeting, at an early period in the evening, was invaded by an organized body of rioters, who, for the space of two hours, (like their lawless predecessors at Ephesus,) by their groans and yells prevented any speaker from being heard — the city authorities interposing no restraint whatever. “We never heard,” said one of the city journals of the next morning, “such unearthly, inhuman, strange, uncouth, hideous noises, in all our born days. One would have thought Babel was let loose, and all the black fiends of the lower region out on a frolic.” Another journal, equally in favor of this dastardly outrage, testified as follows: “Rings were formed in the centre of the floor, in which individual and general fights took place; hats were smashed, and ivory-headed canes flew briskly; then came a series of dances, with Indian war-whoop accompaniments. IT WAS HELL LET LOOSE, AND NO MISTAKE ! ”

For whom did these miscreants send up cheer

after cheer, throughout the entire evening? Who was the recreant and fallen man, whom, on that occasion, they were proud to recognize and eager to applaud, as one with him in spirit and fellowship?

DANIEL WEBSTER!

Where shall we look in history for a more melancholy instance of human degradation?

NOTES.

By the Harmony Presbytery, of South Carolina:—

Resolved, “That Slavery has existed from the days of those good old Slaveholders and patriarchs, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, (who are now in the kingdom of heaven,) to the time when the apostle Paul sent a runaway home to his master Philemon, and wrote a Christian and fraternal letter to his Slaveholder, which we find still stands in the canon of the Scriptures—and that Slavery has existed ever since the days of the apostle, and does now exist.”

The REV. WILLIAM S. PLUMMER, D. D., of Richmond, Va., high in the Presbyterian Church, says—

“If Abolitionists will set the country in a blaze, it is but fair that they should receive the first warming at the fire.

“They are like Infidels, wholly unaddicted to martyrdom for opinion’s sake. Let them understand that *they will be caught [lynched]* if they come among us.”

Yussouf.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I.

A STRANGER came one night to Yussouf's tent,
Saying, "Behold one outcast and in dread,
Against whose life the bow of power is bent,
Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head ;
I come to thee for shelter and for food,
To Yussouf, called through all our tribes The Good."

II.

"This tent is mine," said Yussouf, "but no more
Than it is God's ; come in, and be at peace ;
Freely shalt thou partake of all my store,
As I of His who buildeth over these
Our tents his glorious roof by night and day,
And at whose door none ever yet heard nay."

III.

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,
And, waking him ere day, said, "Here is gold,
My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight,
Depart before the prying day grow bold."
As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

IV.

That inward light the stranger's face made grand,
Which shines from all self-conquest ; kneeling low,
He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,
Sobbing, "Oh, Sheik, I cannot leave thee so ;
I will repay thee ; all this thou hast done
Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son ! "

V.

"Take thrice the gold," said Yussouf, "for, with thee,
Into the desert, never to return,
My one black thought shall ride away from me ;
First-born, for whom by day and night I yearn.
Balanced and just are all of God's decrees ;
Thou art avenged, my first-born — sleep in peace ! "

Elmwood, Cambridge, U. S.

